

THE  
RETVRNE FROM  
PERNASSVS:  
Or  
The Scourge of Simony.

*Publicuely acted by the Students  
in Saint Johns Colledge in  
Cambridge,*



AT LONDON  
Printed by G. Eld, for John Wright, and  
are to bee sold at his shop at  
Christ church Gate.

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# The Prologue.

*Boy, Stagekeeper, Momus, Defensor.*

*Boy.*

**S**pectators we will act a Comedy (*non plus*).

*Stage.* A pox on't this booke hath it not in it, you would be whipt, thou rascal: thou must be sitting vp all night at cardes, when thou should be conning thy part.

*Boy.* Its all long on you, I could not get my part a night or two before that I might sleepe on it.

*Stagekeeper* carrieth the boy away under his arms.

*Mo.* It's euen well done, here is such a stirre about a scurvy English show.

*Defen.* Scurvy in thy face, thou scurvy iack, if this company were not, you paultry Critticke Gentleman, you that knowe what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that haue beene student at post and paire, saint and Loadam. You that haue spent all your quarters reuenues in riding post one night in Christmas, beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

*Mo.* Gentlemen you that can play at noddy, or rather play vpon nodies: you that can set vp a iest, at priemero instead of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voyder.

*Defen.* What we present I must needes confesse is but slubbered inuention: if your wisdom: obscure the circumstance, your kindnesse will pardon the substance.

*Mo.* What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath laine this twelue moneth in the bottome of a coale-house amongst broomes and old shoes, an inuention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we haue promised the Copies to the Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

*Defen.* It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your curties to let it passe,

A 2

*Mom.*

## The Prologue.

*Mom.* Its a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceit as flauging hotcockles, or blind-man buffe:

*Defen.* Some humors you shall see aymed at, if not well resēbled.

*Mom.* Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to stand hāmering vpon two *individuum vegum* 2. schollers some whole yeare. These same *Phil.* and *Sindis*: haue bin followed with a whip, and a verselike a Couple of Vagabonds through *England* and *Italy*. The Pilgrimage to *Pernassus*, and the returne from *Pernassus* haue stood the honest *Stagekeepers* in many a Crownes expence: for linckes and vizards purchased a Sophister a knock: which a clubbe hindred the butlers box, and emptied the Colledge barrells, and now vnlesse you know the subiect well you may returne home as wise as you came, for this last is the least part of the returne from *Pernassus*, that is both the first and the last time that the authors wit will turne vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the scene is not at *Pernassus*, that is lookes not good inuention in the face.

*Defen.* If the Catastrophe please you not, impute it to the vnpleasing fortunes of discontented schollers.

*Mom.* For Catastrothe theres neuer a tale in sir *John Mandenill*, or *Benis of Southampton* but hath a better turning.

*Stagekeeper.* What you ieering asle, be gon with a pox.

*Mom.* You may do better to busie your selfe in providing beere, for the shew will be pittifull dry, pittifull dry.

*Exit.*

*No more of this, I heard the spectators aske for a blanke verse.*

What we shew, is but a Christmas iest,  
Conceiue of this and guesse of all the rest:  
Full like a schollers haplesse fortunes pen'd,  
Whose former griefes seldome haue happy end,  
Frame aswell, we might with easie straine,  
With far more praise, and with as little paine.  
Stories of loue, where forne the wondring bench,  
The lipping gallant might inioy his wench.

Or



## The Prologue.

Or make some Sire acknowledge his lost sonne,  
Found when the weary act is almost done.  
Nor vnto this, nor vnto that our scene is bent,  
We onely shew a schollers discontent.  
In Schollers fortunes twise forlorne and dead  
Twise hath our weary pen earst laboured.  
Making them Pilgrims in *Pernassus* hill,  
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.  
Now we present vnto each pittying eye,  
The schollers progresse in their misery.  
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,  
Too weake our scene : too great our iudgement is.  
To you wee seeke to shew a schollers state,  
His scorned fortunes, his vnpietied fate.  
To you : for if you did not schollers blesse,  
Their case (poore case) were too too pittilesse.  
You shade the muses vnder fostering,  
And made them leaue to sigh, and learne to sing.



## The names of the Actors.

### *Drametis Persons.*

<i>Ingenioso.</i>	<i>Academicos.</i>
<i>Iudicio.</i>	<i>Amoretto.</i>
<i>Danser.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Philomusus.</i>	<i>Signor Immerito.</i>
<i>Studiofo.</i>	<i>Stereutio his father.</i>
<i>Furor Poeticus.</i>	<i>Sir Frederick.</i>
<i>Phantasma.</i>	<i>Recorder.</i>
<i>Patient.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Richardetto.</i>	<i>Prodigo.</i>
<i>Theodore phisition.</i>	<i>Burbage.</i>
<i>Burgeffe patient.</i>	<i>Kempe.</i>
<i>Iaques studiofo.</i>	<i>Fidlers.</i>
	<i>Pal,ents man.</i>

# Actus I. Scena. I.

*Ingenioſo, with Iuuenall in his hand,*

*Ingenioſo.*

**D***ifficile eſt, Satyræ non ſcribere, nam quis inique  
Tam patiens verbi, tam furens ut teneat ſe?*  
I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,  
Not gently laying on, but ſetching blond,  
So ſurgeon-like thou doſt with cutting heale,  
Where nought but lanching can the wound auale.  
O ſuffer me, among ſo many men,  
To tread aright the traces of thy pen.  
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,  
Till with it I brand everlaſting ſhame.  
On the worlds forhead, and with thine owne ſpirit,  
Pay home the world according to his merit.  
Thy purer ſoule could not endure to ſee,  
Euen ſmalleſt ſpots of baſe impurity:  
Nor could ſmall faults eſcape thy cleaner hands.  
Then ſoule faced Vice was in his ſwadling bands,  
Now like *Anteus* growne a monſter is,  
A march for none but mighty *Hercules*.  
Now can the world pracliſe in plainer guiſe,  
Both ſinnes of old and new borne villanies.  
Stale ſinnes are ſtole: now doth the world begin,  
To take ſole pleaſure in a witty ſinne.  
Vnpleaſant is the lawleſſe ſinne haſ bin,  
At midnight reſt, when darkneſſe covers ſinne.  
It's Clowniſh vnbeſeeming a young Knight,  
Vnleſſe it dare out-face the gloriing light.  
Nor can it nought our gallants praifes reape,  
Vnleſſe it be done in ſtaring Cheape.  
In a ſinne guilty Coach not cloſely pent,  
logging along the harder pauement.  
Did not feare check my repining ſpirit,  
Soone ſhould my angry gholt a ſtory write.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

In which I would new foſtred ſinnes combine,  
Not knowne earſt by truth telling *Aretine*.

*Scen. 2. Enter Ind. Ingenioſo. Iudicio.*

*Ind.* What *Ingenioſo*, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee,  
like a great ſchole-boy giuing the world a bloody noſe?

*Ing.* Faith *Iudicio*, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great rea-  
ſon I ſhould conferre it vpon the bald pated world: & againe,  
if my kitchen want the vtensilies of viands, it's great reaſon o-  
ther men ſhould haue the ſauce of vinegar, and for the bloody  
noſe, *Iudicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloody  
noſe, but it ſhall hardly giue me a crakt crowne, though it  
giues other Poets French crownes.

*Ind.* I would wiſh thee *Ingenioſo*, to ſheath thy pen, for thou  
canſt not be ſucceſſefull in the fray, conſidering thy enemies  
haue the aduantage of the ground.

*Ing.* Or rather *Iudicio* they haue the grounds with aduantage,  
and the French crownes with a pox, and I would they had  
them with a plague too: but hang them ſwadds, the baſeſt  
corner in my thoughts is too gallant a roome to lodge them  
in, but ſay *Iudicio*, what newes in your preſſe, did you keepe  
any late correſtions vpon any tardy pamphlets?

*Ind. Veterem inbes renouare dolorem Ing.* what ere befalls thee,  
keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the preſſe.

*Ing.* Mary ſo I will, I warran thee, if pouerty preſſe not too  
much, Ile correct no preſſe but the preſſe of the people.

*Ind.* Would it not grieue any good ſpirits to ſit a whole  
moneth nitting out a louſie beggarly Pamphlet, and like a  
needy Phiſitian to ſtand whole yeares, toſſing and tumbling,  
the filth that falleth from ſo many draughty inuentions as dai-  
ly ſwarme in our Printing houſe?

*Ing.* Come (I thinke) we ſhall haue you put finger in the eye  
and cry, O friends, no friends, ſay man, what new paper hob-  
by horſes, what rattle babies are come out in your late May  
morrice daunce?

*Ind.* Flye my rimes, as thick as flies in the ſunne, I thinke  
there

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

there be neuer an Ale-houſe in Englad, not any ſo baſe a May-pole on a country greene, but ſets forth ſome poets petternels or demilances to the paper warres in Paules Church-yard.

*Ing.* And well too may the iſſue of a ſtrong hop learne to hop all ouer England, when as better wittes ſit like lame coblers in their ſtudies. Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when as ſad vineger wittes ſit ſouring at the bottome of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyſt pot, that ſoure vp into the open ayre, when as ſounder wit keepes belowe.

*Ind.* Conſidering the furies of the times, I could better endure to ſee thoſe youg Canquaſſing huckſters ſhoot of their pellets ſo they would keepe them from theſe Engliſh *ſlores-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that paſſe, that there ſtarts vp every day an old goole that ſits hatching vp thoſe eggs which haue ben filcht from the neſt of Crowes and Keſtrells: here is a booke *Ing.* why to condemne it to cleare the viſuall Tiburne of all miſſiuing papers, were too faire a death for ſo foule an of-

*Ing.* What's the name of it, I pray thee *Ind?* (tender.

*Ind.* Loöke, its here *Belvedere.*

*Ing.* What a Bel-wether in Paules Church-yard, ſo cäld be-  
cauſe it keeps a bleating, or becauſe it hath the tinckling bel of  
ſo many Poets about the neck of it, what is the reſt of the title.

*Ind.* The garden of the Muſes.

*Ing.* What haue we here: the Poet garriſh gayly bedeked like  
fore horſes of the pariſh? what followes.

*Ind.* *Quem reſerent muſa, vinet dum robora tellus,*

*Dum calum ſtellas, dum vebis annis aquas.*

Who blurres faire paper, with foule baſtard rimes,

Shall liue full many an age in latter times:

Who makes a ballet for an ale-houſe doore,

Shall liue in future times for euer more.

Then ( ) thy muſe ſhall liue ſo long,

As draffy ballats to thy praiſe are ſong.

But what's his deuſe, Pernaſſus with the ſunne and the lawrels  
I wonder this Owle dares looke on the ſunne, and I maruaile  
this goſe flies not the laurell: his deuſe might haue bene bet-

*The returne from Parnassus.*

ter a foole going into the market place to be seene, with this motto, *scribimus indocti*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harvest, with this word, *sua cuiq; gloria.*

*Ind.* Turne over the leafe *Ing* 1 and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman. Sentences gathered out of all kinde of Poets, referred to certaine methodicall heads, profitable for the vse of these times, to rime vpon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

*Ing.* So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to censure them.

*Edmund Spencer.*

*Henry Constable.*

*Thomas Lodge.*

*Samuel Daniell.*

*Thomas Watson.*

*Michaell Drayton.*

*John Davis.*

*John Marston.*

*Kit: Marlowe.*

Good men and true, stand together: heare your censure, what's thy iudgment of *Spencer*?

*Ing.* A swifter Swan then euer song in Poe,  
A shriller Nightingale then euer blest,  
The prouder groues of selfe admiring Rome.  
Blich was each vally, and each shepheard proud,  
While he did chaunt his rurall minstrelsie,  
Attentive was full many a dainty eare.  
Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong,  
While sweetly of his Faery Queene he song,  
While to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,  
And in each barke engrau'd *Elizae's* name.  
And yet for all this, vnruegarding soile,  
Vnlac't the line of his desired life,  
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe.  
Carelesse care to preuent his exequy,  
Scarce deigning to shut vp his dying eye.

*Ing.* Pity it is that gentler wits should breed,  
Where thicke-skin chuffes laugh at a schollers need.  
But softly may our honours ashes rest,  
That lie by mery *Chaucers* noble chest.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure, that I may be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my censure may

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

may iumpe with thine. *Henry Conſtable, S. D. Thomas Lodge,  
Thomas Watſon.*

*Ind.* Sweete *Conſtable* doth take the wondring care,

And layes it vp in willing priſonment :

Sweete hony dropping *D*: doth wage

Warre with the proudeſt big Italian,

That melts his heart in ſugred Sonnetting,

Onely let him more ſparingly make uſe,

Of others wit, and uſe his owne the more :

That well may ſcorne baſe imitation.

For *Lodge* and *Watſon*, men of ſome deſert,

Yet ſubject to a Critticks marginall.

*Lodge* for his oare in euery paper boate,

He that turnes over *Galen* euery day,

To ſit and ſimper *Euphues* legacie.

*Ing.* *Michael Drayton.*

*Draytons* sweete muſe is like a ſanguine dye,

Able to rauish the raſh gazers eye.

*Ing.* How euer, he wants one true note of a Poet of our times;  
and that is this, hee cannot ſwagger it well in a *Tauerne*, nor  
dominere in a hot-houſe.

*Ind.* *John Daniſ.*

Acute *John Daniſ*, I affect thy rymes,

That ierck in hidden chaſmes theſe looſer times :

Thy plainer verſe, thy vnaffected vaine,

Is grac'd with a faire and a ſoothing traine.

*Ing.* *Locke and Hudſon.*

*Ind.* *Locke* and *Hudſon*, ſleepe you quiet ſtrauers, among the  
ſhauings of the preſſe, and let your bookes lye in ſome old  
nookes amongſt old bootes and ſhooes, ſo you may auoide  
my cenſure.

*Ing.* Why then clap a lock on their feſte, and turne them  
to commons.

*John Marſton.*

*Ind.* What *Monſter Kinſayder*, liſting vp your legge and  
piſſing againſt the world, put vp man, put vp for ſhame.

Me thinks he is a Ruſſin in his ſtile,

Withouten bands or garters ornament,

*The returne from Pernassus.*

He quaffes a cup of Frenchmans Helicon.  
Then royster doyster in his oylie tearmes,  
Cutts, thrusts, and toynes at whomefoeuer he meets,  
And strowes about Ram-ally meditations.  
Tut what cares he for modest close coucht termes,  
Cleanly to gird our looser libertines.  
Giue him plaine naked words stript from their shirts  
That might besee me plaine dealing *Arctine*:  
I there is one that backes a paper sneed  
And manageth a penknife gallantly.  
Strikes his poinado at a buttons breadth,  
Brings the great battering ram of tearmes to townes  
And at first volly of his Caunon shot,  
Batters the walles of the old lusty world.

*Ing. Christopher Marlowe.*

*Iud. Marlowe* was happy in his buskine muse,  
A<sup>s</sup> vnhappy in his life and end,  
Pitty it is, that wit so ill should dwell  
Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.

*Ing. Our Theater* hath lost, *Pluto* hath got,

A Tragick penman for a driery plot.

*B. I.*

*Iud. The* wittiest fellow of a brick-layer in England.

*Ing. A* meere Emphyrick, one that gets what he hath by obseruation, and makes only nature priuy to what he indites So slow an inuentor, that he were better betake himselfe to his old trade of bricklaying, a bold whorson, as confident now in making a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a bricke.

*William Shakespeare.*

*Iud. Who* loues *Adonis* loue, or *Lucre's* rape,  
His sweeter verse containes hart robbing life,  
Could but a graver subiect him content,  
Without loues foolish languishment.

*Ing. Churchyard.*

Hath not *Shew's* wife although a light skirts she,  
Given him a chaste long lasting memory?

*Iud. No,* all light pamphlets once I finden shall,



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

A Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

*Inq. Thomas Naſbdo.*

I, here is a fellow *Iudicio* that carried the deadly ſtocke in his pen, whoſe muſe was armed with a gag tooth, and his pen poſſeſt with *Hercules* furies.

*Iudg.* Let all his faulſes ſleepe with his mournfull cheſt,  
And then for euer with his aſhes reſt,  
His ſtile was witty, though he had ſome gall,  
Something he might haue mended, ſo may all.  
Yet this I ſay, that for a mother wit,  
Few men haue euer ſcene the like of it.

*Inq. Reader theſt.*

*Iud.* As for theſe, they haue ſome of them bin the old hedge-ſtaks of the preſſe, and ſome of them are at this inſtant the bots and glanders of the printing houſe. Fellowes that ſtande only vpon tearmes to ſerue the turne, with their blotted papers, write as men go to ſtoole, for needes, & when they write, they write as a Beare piſſes, now and then drop a phamphlet.

*Inq. Durum telum neceſſitas.* Good ſayth they do as I do, exchange words for money. I haue ſome trafficke this day with *Danſer*, about a little booke which I haue made, the name of it is a Catalogue of *Cambridge* Cuckolds, but this *Belvedere*, this methodicall aſſe, hath made me almoſt forget my time: Ile now to *Pauls Churchyard*, meete me an houſe hence, at the ſigne of the *Pegasus* in cheap ſide, and ile moyſt thy temple with a cup of *Claret*, as hard as the world goes. *Exit. Iudicio.*

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

*Enter Danſer the Printer.*

*Inq. Danſer* thou art deceived, wit is dearer then thou takeſt it to bee, I tell thee this libell of *Cambridge* has much fat and pepper in the noſe: it will ſell ſheerely vnderhand, when all theſe bookes of *Exhortations* and *Catechiſmes*, lie moulding on thy ſhopboard.

*Dan.* It's true, but good faith *M. Ingenioſo*, I loſt by your laſt booke: and you knowe there is many one that paies mee largely for the printing of their inuentions, but for all this you

B 3

ſhall

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

ſhall haue 40. ſhillings and an odde pottle of wine.

*Inge.* 40. ſhillings : a fit reward for one of your reumaticke Poets, that beſlaues all the paper he comes by, and furniſhes the Chandlers with waſt papers to wrap candles in : but as for me, ile be paid deare euen for the dregges of my wit: little knowes the world what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinckes, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty & coſtly creature, and therefore I muſt be paid ſweetly : furniſh me with money, that I may put my ſelfe in a new ſute of clothes, and ile ſute thy ſhop with a new ſute of tearmes : it's the gallanteſt child my inuention was euer delivered off. The title is, a Chronicle of Cambridge cuckolds : here a man may ſee, what day of the moneth ſuch a mans commons were inclo'ed, and when throwne open, and when any entailed ſome odde crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies vnlawfully begotten: ſpeake quickly els I am gone.

*Dan.* Oh this will ſell gallantly : ile haue it whatſoeuer it coſt, will you walk on M. *Ingenioſo*, wee'll ſit ouer a cup of wine and agree on it.

*Inge.* A cup of wine is as good a Conſtable as can be, to take vp the quarrell betwixt vs.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 4.*

*Philomusus in a Phiſitions habite : Studioſo that is Iaques man, And patient.*

*Phil.* *Tit tit tit, non poynte, non debet fieri phlebotomia in co-itu luna:* here is a Recipe.

*Par.* A Recipe.

*Phil.* *Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem ſyllabarum :* Let me heare how many ſtooles you doe make. Adieu Mounſeir adieu good Mounſeir, what *Iaques lla* a perſonne apres icy.

*Stud. Non.*

*Phil.* Then let vs ſteale time for this borrowed ſhape, Recounting our vnequall haps of late.  
Late did the Ocean graſpe vs in his armes,  
Late did we liue within a ſtranger ayre :

*Late*

*The returne from Peruassus.*

Late did we see the cinders of great Rome.  
We thought that English fugitiues there eate  
Gold, for restorative, if gold were meate,  
Yet now we find by bought experience,  
That where so ere we wander vp and downe,  
On the round shoulders of this massy world,  
Or our ill fortunes, or the worlds ill eye,  
Forspeake our good, procures our misery.

*Stud.* So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,  
Hath beate the flowers that in our garden grewe:  
Throwne downe the stalkes of our aspiring youth,  
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rind,  
That now we seeme nought but two bared boughes,  
Scorned by the basest bird that chirps in groaue,  
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted are to giue,  
A Cardinall cap, to discontented clarkes,  
That haue forsooke the home-bred thanked roofes,  
Yeldded vs any equall maintenance:  
And, it's as good to starue mongst English swine,  
As in a forraine land to beg and pine:

*Phil.* Ile scorne the world that scorneth me againe.

*Stud.* Ile vex the world that workes me so much paine.

*Phil.* Fly lame reuengings power, the world well weenes,

*Stud.* Flyes haue their spleene, each silly ant his teenes.

*Phil.* We haue the words they the possession haue.

*Stud.* We all are equall in our latest graue.

*Phil.* Soone then: O soone may we both graued be.

*Stud.* Who wishes death, doth wrong wise destiny,

*Phil.* It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.

*Stud.* It's sinne for doomed day to wish thy death.

*Phil.* Too late our soules flit to their resting place.

*Stud.* Why mans whole life is but a breathing space.

*Phil.* A painefull minute seemes a tedious yeare.

*Stud.* A constant minde eternall woes will beare.

*Phil.* When shall our soules their wearied lodge foregoe

*Stud.* When we haue tyred misery and woe.

*Phil.* Soone may then lates this gale deliuer send vs.

Small

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end vs.

But letts leaue this capping of rimes *Studioſo*, and follow our late deuife, that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes, our bellies in prouender, and our backs in ſadle and bridle: hetherto wee haue ſought all the honeſt meanes wee could to liue, & now let vs dare, *aliquid breuius ſpaciis* and *carcere dignum*: let vs run through all the lewd formes of lime-twig purloyning villanies: let vs proue Cony-catchers, Baudes, or any thing, ſo we may rub out, and firſt my plot for playing the French Doctōr that ſhall hold: our lodging ſtands here filthy in ſhoole lane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may ſhortly throw an old ſhoō after vs, and with thoſe ſhreds of French, that we gathered vp in our hoſtes houſe in *Paris*, wee le gull the world, that hath in eſtimation forraine Phiſitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of thoſe Stigmatick maiſters of arte, that abuſed vs in times paſt, leaue their owne Phiſitians, and become our patients, wee le alter quite the ſtile of them, for they ſhall neuer hereafter write, your Lordſhips moſt bounden: but your Lordſhips moſt laxatiue.

*Stud.* It ſhall be ſo, ſee what a little vermine pouerty altereth a whole milkie diſpoſition.

*Phil.* So then my ſelfe ſtreight with reuenge Ile ſcate.

*Stud.* Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

*Actus 1. Scena 5.*

*Enter Richardetto, Iaques, Scholler learning French.*

*Iaq.* How now my little knaue, *quelle nouvelle mounſier.*

*Richar.* Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vrinall in his hand, would faine ſpeake with maſter *Theodore.*

*Iaq.* *Parle Francoyes moun petit garſoun.*

*Richard.* *Hy a vn homme au le bonnet de et vn vrinell in la men, que vent parler.*

*Iaq.* *For bien.*

*Theod.* *Iaques a bonns. Excunt.*

*La teſſe*

*Theodore.*

*Actus.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Actus 1. Scen. 6.

*Furor poeticus*: and preſently after enters *Phantaſma*.

*Furor poeticus* rapt within contemplation.

Why how now *Pedant Phœbus*, are you ſmouching *Thalia* on her tender lips? There hoie: peſant avant: come Pretty ſhort-noſd nimph: oh ſweet *Thalia*, I do kiſſe thy foote. What *Cleio*? O ſweet *Cleio*, nay pray thee do not weepe *Melpomene*. What *Vrania*, *Polimnia*, and *Calliope*, let me doe reuerence to your deities.

*Phantaſma* poſts him

*Fur.* I am your holy ſwaïne, that night and day, by the  
Sit for your ſakes rubbing my wrinkled browe, ſcene.  
Studying a moneth for one epithete.

Nay ſiluer *Cynthia*, do not trouble me:

Straight will I thy *Endimions* ſtorie write,

To which thou haſteſt me on day and night.

You light ſkirt ſtarres, this is your wonted guiſe,

By glomy light perke out your doubtfull heads:

But when *Don Phœbus* ſhowes his glaſhing ſnout,

You are ſkie puppies, ſtraight your light is out.

*Phan.* So ho, *Furor*.

Nay prethee good *Furor* in ſober ſadneſſe.

*Furor.* *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.*

*Phan.* Nay ſweet *Furor* ipſe te *Tyture* pinus,

*Furor.* Ipſite foates, ipſa hæc arbuſta vocarunt.

Who's that runs headlong on my quills ſharpe point.

That wearied of his life and baler breath,

Offers himſelfe to an Iambicke verſe.

*Phant.* *Si quoties peccant homines, ſua fulmina mittat*

*Iuſter, ex igno tempore inermis erit.*

*Fur.* What ſlimie bold preſumptious groome is he,

Dares with his rude audacious hardy chat,

Thus ſeuer me from ſkibbered contemplation?

*Phant.* *Carmina vel calo poſſunt deducere lunam.*

*Furor.* Oh *Phantaſma*: what my indiuiduall mate?

*O mihi poſt nullos Furor memorande ſodales.*

*Furor.* Say whence commeſt thou? ſent from what deytie?

From great *Apollo*, or ſlie *Mercurie*?

C

*Phan.*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

*Phan.* I come from the little Mercury, *Ingenioso. For,*  
*Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negavit.*

*Furor.* Ingenioso?

He is a pretty inuenter of slight prose:  
But there's no spirit in his groaueling speech,  
Hang him whose verse cannot out-belch the wind:  
That cannot beard and braue *Don Eolus*,  
That when the cloud of his inuention breakes,  
Cannot out-cracke the scar-crow thunder bolt.

*Phan.* Hang him, I say, *Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pependi.* Will it please you maister *Furor*, to walke with me. I promised to bring you to a drinking Inne in Cheapside, at the signe of the Nagges-head, *For,*

*Tempore lenta pati freno docentur equi.*

*Furor.* Passe thee before, Ile come incontinent.

*Phan.* Nay faith maister *Furor*, lets go together, *Quoniam*  
*Conueniuntus ambo.*

*Furor.* Lets match on vnto the house of fame:

There quaffing bowles of *Bacchus* bloud ful nimbly,  
Endite a Tiptoe, strouting poesy.

*They offer the way one to the other.*

*Phan.* *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum.*

*Tu maior: tibi me est equum parere Menales.*

*Actus 2. Scena 3.*

*Enter Philom. Theod.* his patient the *Burgesse*, and his man  
with his staffe.

*Theod.* puts on his spectacles.

*Monsieur* here are *atomi Natantes*, which doe make shew  
your worship to be as leacherous as a Bull.

*Burg.* Truly maister Doctor we are all men.

*Theod.* This vater is intention of heate, are you not perturbed with an ake in your face, or in your occipit. I meane your head peece, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

*Burg.* Ile assure you *M. Theodour*, the pulse of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue disturbed my selfe by studying the penall statutes.

*Theod.* Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speech.

*O, uari*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*O, courae leues loquuntur, ingentes ſtoppent, it is an Aphoriſme in Galen.*

*Burg.* And what is the expoſition of that?

*Theod.* That your worſhip muſt take a gland, *ut emittatur ſanguis*: the ſigne is for excellent, for excellent.

*Burg.* Good maſter Doctör uſe mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double conſideration to be had of me: firſt as I am a publike magiſtrate: ſecondly as I am a priuate butcher: and but for the worſhipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now ſtand & live, I would not hazard my worſhipfull apparell, with a ſurpoſitor or a gliſter: but for the countenancing of the place, I muſt go oſiener to ſtoole, for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magiſtrate, not to go to the ſtoole without a phiſitiō.

*Theo.* *A, vous ettes un gentell home vraiment, what ho Iaques, Iaques, don e vous ? unfort gentel purgation for monſier Burgeſſe.*

*Iaq.* *Voſte tres humble ſeruiture a voſtre commandement.*

*Theod.* *Donnez vous un gentell purge a Monſier Burgeſſe.* I haue conſidered of the crals, and ſyntoma of your diſeaſe, and here is *unfort gentell purgation per euacuationem excrementorum*, as we Phiſitions uſe to parlee.

*Burg.* I hope maſter Doctör you haue a care of the countries officer, I tell you I durſt not haue truſted my ſelfe with every phiſition, and yet I am not aſtraide for my ſelfe, but I would not deprive the towne of ſo carefull a magiſtrate.

*Theod.* O monſier, I haue a ſingular care of your valetudo, it is requiſite that the French Phiſitions be learned and carefull, your Engliſh veluet cap is malignant and enuious.

*Burg.* Here is maſter Doctör ſoure pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you ſhall heare from me good maſter Doctör, farewell farewell, good maſter Doctör.

*Theod.* Adieu good Mounſier, adieu good Sir mounſier.

Then burſt with teares vnhappy graduate:

Thy fortunes ſtill wayward and backward bin:

Nor canſt thou thrive by vertue, nor by ſinne.

*Stud.* O how it greeues my vexed ſoule to ſee,  
Each painted aſſe in chayre of dignitie:

*The returre from Pernaſſus.*

And yet we grouell on the ground alone,  
Running through euery trade yet thriue by none.  
More we muſt act in this liues Tragedy,

*Phi.* Sad is the plot, ſad the Cataſtrophe.

*Stud.* Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedie.

*Phi.* And rented thoughts continuall actors be.

*Stud.* Woe is the ſubiect. *Phil.* earth the loathed ſtage.  
Whereon we act this fained perſonage.

Moſſy barbarians the ſpectators be,

That ſit and laugh at our calamity.

*moſt like.*

*(throng,*

*Grantaes*

*Phil.* Band be thoſe houres when mongſt the learned  
By Gantaes muddy bancke we whilome ſong,

*Stud.* band be that hill which learned wits adore,  
Where earſt we ſpent our ſtock and little ſtore:

*Phil.* Band be thoſe muſſy mewes, where we haue ſpent,  
Our youthfull dayes in paled tanguishment.

*Stud.* Band be thoſe colening arts that wrought our woe,  
Making vs wandring Pilgrimes to and fro.

*Phi.* And Pilgrims muſt wee bee without reliefe,  
And where ſo ere we run there meetes vs grieve.

*Stud.* Where euer we toſſe vpon this crabbed ſtage  
Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.

*Phi.* Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,  
A tyred lackie to our wandring youth.

*Ad. 1. Scena. 2.*

*Academico ſolus.*

*Acad.* Faine would I haue a lining, if I could tell how to  
come by it. *Eccho.* Buy it.

*Acad.* Buy if ſond *Eccho:* why thou doſt greatly miſtake it.  
*Eccho.* Stake it.

*Acad.* Stake it, what ſhall I ſtake at this game of Simonye?  
*Eccho.* Money.

*Ac.* What is the world a game, are linings gotten by playing?  
*Eccho.* Paying.

*Ac.* Paying? but ſay what's the neareſt way to come by a lining?  
*Eccho.* Giuing.

*Ac.* Muſt his worſhips fiſts bee then oyled with Angells?

*Eccho.*



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Ecch.* Angells.

*Ac* Ought his gowty firſs then firſt with gold to be greaſed?

*Ecch.* Eaſed.

*Ac* And is it then ſuch an eaſe for his aſſes backe to carry moneye

*Ecch.* I.

*Ac* Will then this golden aſſe beſtowe a viccarige guilded?

*Ecch.* Gelded.

*Ac* What ſhall I ſay to good ſir *Roderick* that haue no gold here?

*Ecch.* Cold cheare.

*Ac* Ile make it my lone requeſt, that he wold be good to a ſcholler

*Ecch.* Choller.

*Ac* Yea will he be cholericke, to heare of an art or a ſciences

*Ecch.* Hence.

*Ac* Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?

*Ecch.* Sell.

*Ac* Sell it? and muſt a ſimple clarke be ſaine to compound then?

*Ecch.* pounds then.

*Ac* What if I haue no pounds, muſt then my ſute be proroagued?

*Ecch.* Roagued.

*Ac* Yea? giuen to a Roague? ſhall an aſſe this vlearidge compaſſe

*Ecch.* Aſſe.

*Ac* What is the reaſon that I ſhould not be as fortunate as he?

*Ecch.* Aſſe he.

*Ac* Yet for all this, with a peniles purſe will I ſtrug to his worſhip

*Ecch.* Words cheape.

*Ac* Well, if he giue me good words, its more then I haue from an

*Ecch.*

*Ecch.* Go.

*Act. 2. Scen. 3.*

*Academitico*

*Amoretto* with an *Ouid* in his hand. *Immerito.*

*Amor.* Take it on the word of a Gentleman thou cannoſt haue it a penny vnder, thinke ont, thinke ont, while I meditate on my faire miſtreſs.

*Nunc ſequor imperium magne Cupido tuium.*

What ere beccome of this dull thredbare clearke,

I muſt be coſt y in my miſtreſſe eye?

C 3.

Ladies

*The returne from Parnassus.*

Ladies regard not ragged companie.

I will with the revenues of my chafred chutch.

First buy an ambling hobby for my faire :

Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,

Proud of his burden when he gins to prounce:

Then must I buy a iewell for her eare,

A kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:

With these faire gifts when I accompanied goe,

Sheele giue *Iones* breakfast : *Sidney* tearmes it so.

I am her needle: she is my Adamant,

She is my faire rose, I her vnworthy pickte.

*Acad.* Is there no body heere will take the paines to gelde his mouth?

*Amor.* She's *Cleopatra*, I *Marke Anthony*,

*Acad.* No thou art a mere marke for good wits to shoote at : and in that sute thou wilt make a fine man to dash the poore crows out of countenance.

*Amor.* She is my *moone*, I her *Endimion*,

*Acad.* No she is thy shoulder of mutton thou her onyon: or she may be thy *Luna*, and thou her *Lunaticke*.

*Amor.* I her *Aeneas*, she my *Dido* is.

*Acad.* She is thy *Io*, and thou her brazen asse,  
Or she Dame *Phantasy* and thou her gull:  
She thy *Pasiphae*, and thou her loving bull.

*Act. 2. Scen. 4.*

*Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father.*

*Ster.* Sonne, is this the Gentleman that selles vs the liuing?

*Im.* Fy father thou must not call it selling, thou must say is this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

*Acad.* What haue we here, old true-penny come to towne, to fetch away the liuing in his old greasie slops, then ile none: the time hath beene when such a fellow medled with nothing but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnailes, and so to a peece of bread and cheefe, and went his way: but now these fellows are growne the onely factors for preferment.

*Ster.*

*The returne from Persia.*

*Ster.* O is this the grating Gentleman, and howe many pounds must I pay?

*Im.* O thou must not call them pounds; but thanks, and harke thou father, thou must tell of nothing that is done: for I must seeme to come cleere to it.

*Acad.* Not poundes but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blackt him over, hath not gotten the stile of the time.

*Ster.* By my faith sonne looke for no more portion.

*Im.* Well father, I will not, vpon this condition; that when thou have gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou wilt likewise disburse a little money to the bishops poyer, for there are certaine questions I make scruple to be posed in.

*Acad.* He meanes any question in Latine, which he counts a scruple, oh this honest man could neuer abide this popish tongue of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as I liues.

*Ster.* Ile take the Gentleman now, he is in a good vaine, for he smiles.

*Amor.* Sweete *Ouid*, I do honour euery page.

*Acad.* Good *Ouid* that in his life time, liued with the *Getes*, and now after his death conuierth with a *Barbarian*.

*Ster.* God be at your worke Sir: my sonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am *Stercutio* his father Sir, simple as I stand here.

*Acad.* Fellow, I had rather given thee an hundred pounds then thou should haue put me out of my excellent meditation by the faich of a Gentleman I was wrapt in contemplation.

*Im.* Sir you must pardon my father he wants bringing vp.

*Acad.* Marry it seemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp so much money.

*Ster.* Indeed Sir, you must pardon me, I did not knowe you were a Gentleman of the Temple before.

*Amor.* Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare with country education, but fellowe what is thy name?

*Ster.* My name Sir, *Stercutio* Sir.

*Am.* Why the *Stercutio*, I wold be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this living might be cosferred vpon your

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

your ſonne! mary I would haue you know, that I haue bene importuned by two or three ſeuerall Lordes, my Kinde cozins, in the behalfe of ſome Cambridge man, and haue almoſt engaged my word. Mary if I ſhall ſee your diſpoſition to be more thankfull then other men, I ſhalbe very ready to reſpect kind natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe ſpeaketh wel, *Cibi habuimus.*

*Acad.* why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

*Ser.* I beſeech you ſir ſpeake Engliſh, for that is naturall to me & to my ſonne, and all our kindred, to vnderſtand but one language.

*Amor.* Why thus in plaine engliſh: I muſt be reſpected with thanks.

*Acad.* This is a ſubtle tractiue, when thanks may be felt and ſcene.

*Ser.* And I pray you Sir, what is the loweſt thanks that you will take?

*Acad.* The very ſame Method that he uſeth at the buying of an oxe.

*Amor.* I muſt haue ſome odd ſprinckling of an hundred pounds, if ſo, ſo, I ſhall thinke you thankfull, and commend your ſonne as a man of good giſtes to my father.

*Acad.* A ſweete world, giue an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullneſſe.

*Ser.* Harke thou Sir, you ſhall haue 80. thanks.

*Amor.* I tell thee fellow, I neuer opened my mouth in this kind ſo cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentle-men are found that would deale ſo kindly with thee as I doe.

*Ser.* Well Sir, becauſe I know my ſonne to be a toward thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne head, without ſending to the vniuerſitye, I am content to giue you as many thanks as you aſke, ſo you will promiſe me to bring it to paſſe.

*Amor.* I warrant you for that: if I ſay it once, repayre you to the place, and ſtay there, for my father, he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the ayre. He meete him as he returnes, and make way for your ſuite.

*Exeunt. Ser, Amor.*

*Act. 3.*

*The returne from Peruassus.*

*Acad.* *Scen. 1.* of solistibon being  
in the

*Enter Academico, Ameritto.*

*Amer.* Gallant, I faith.

*Acad.* I see we schollers fish for a liuing in these shallow  
foards without a siluer hooke. Why, would it not gal a man to  
see a sprufe gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a  
broker for a liuing, & an old Baude for a benefice? This sweet  
Sir proffeted me much kindnesse when hee was of our Col-  
ledge; and now Ile try what winde remains in his bladder,  
God saue you Sir.

*Amer.* By the masse I feare me I saw this Genus and Species  
in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now: by  
the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Elegy. Of what age is  
the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hun-  
ting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a Hare sits.

*Acad.* See a poore old friend of yours, of S. ( ) Colledge  
in Cambridge.

*Am.* Good faith sir you must pardon me. I haue forgotten  
you.

*Acad.* My name is *Academico* Sir, one that made an ora-  
tion for you once on the Queenes day, and a show that you  
got some credit by.

*Amer.* It may be so, it may bee so, but I haue forgotten it:  
mary yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very  
beneficiall vnto in my time. But howsoeuer Sir, I haue the cur-  
tesie of the towne for you. I am sory you did not take me at  
my fathers house: but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I  
haue vowed the death of a Hare that we found this morning  
mising on her meaze.

*Acad.* Sir I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that  
heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you  
heretofore.

*Amer.* Looke syrrha, if you see my Hobby come hither-  
ward as yet.

D

*Acad.*

*The returne from Peruassio.*

*Acad.* To make me some promises, I am to request your good meditation to the Worshipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thanks, those daies I haue to liue.

*Amor.* O good sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already given the induction to a Chaplain of his towne, to a proper man; I know not of what Vniuersitie he is.

*Acad.* Signior *Amor*, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

*Amor.* I know not his name, but he is a grace discreet man. I wd rather than, inslead he wants vterance in some measure.

*Acad.* Nay, me thinks he hath very good vterance, for his grantie, for hee came liether very grue, but I thinke he will retorne light enough, when he is ridde of the heavy element he carries about him.

*Amor.* Faith Sir, you must pardon me, it is my ordinary custom to be too studious, my Mistresse hath tolde me of it often, and I find it to be my ordinary disburse: but say sweete Sir, do yee affect the most gentle man-like game of hunting?

*Acad.* How say you to the crafty gull, hee would faine get mee abroad, to make sport with mee in their Hunters teammes, which we schollers are not acquainted with: sir, I haue loued this kinde of sports, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the bush, while another kild the Hare.

*Amor.* Hunters luck, Hunters luck Sir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did spend well.

*Acad.* Sir, I haue had worse luck alwayes at hunting the Fox.

*Am.* What sir, do you meane at the vnkennelling, vntapering, or earthing of the Fox?

*Acad.* I meane earthing, if you terme it so, for I neuer found yellow earth enough to couer the old Fox your father.

*Amor.* Good faith sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hunters vse when the Fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second winde, one long, two short: now sir in blowing, euery long containeth

nelly 7. quavers, one short, contained 3. quavers.  
*Amor.* Sir might I finde any fauour in my suite, I would winde  
the horne wherein your bone deserts should bee sounded with  
so many minims, so many quavers, that I could confesse this or any kind-  
ness vpon you. I wonder the Hum comes not away with my  
Hobby. Now sir, as I was proceeding, when you blow the  
death of your Fox in the field or court, then must you sound  
3. notes, with 3. windes, and recheat: marke you sir, vpon the  
same with 3. Windes: I pray you sit and looke on, and I will shew  
you. Now sir, when you come to your stately gate, as  
you sounded the recheat before, so now you must sound the  
releefe three times.

*Amor.* Releefe call you it? it were good every patron would  
finde the horne, as I should, and I am in the midst of it, and I am  
in the midst of it. O sir, but your releefe is your sweetest note, that is  
when your hound staine after a game vnknowne, and then  
you must sound one long and six short, the second wind, two  
short and one long, the third wind, one long and two short.  
*Amor.* True sir, it is a very good trade, though it is a dayes to be a  
villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne, &  
blowes the villaine downe, and I am the hound that hunts after a game  
vnknowne, and I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne.

*Amor.* Sir, I will blisse your eares with a very pretty story,  
my father out of his owne cost and charges, keeps an open  
table for all kinde of dogges.  
*Amor.* And he keepes one more by the  
*Amor.* He hath your Grey hounds, your Mongrell; your  
Maltese, your Leaper, your Spaniel, your Kiennets, Terriers,  
Butchers dogs, Bloud hounds, Dunghill dogges, grindle tailed,  
prick-eared, curres, small Ladies puppies, Catches and Bastards.  
*Amor.* What a thousand kennels hath he to his father, that  
keepes his hounds, and his bastards, and detts his sonnes be  
plaine Ladies puppies, to be a Ladies Chambers.

*Amor.* It was my pleasure two dayes ago, to take a gallant  
leash of Grey hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, ac-  
companied with two or three Noble men of my heart ac-  
quaintance,

quaintance, desiring to shew them some of the sport, I caused the Keeper to sever the rascall Deere, from the Buckes of the first head: now fir, a Bucke the first ycare is a Fawne, the second ycare a Pricket, the third ycare a Sorell, the fourth ycare a Soare, the fift a Bucke of the first head, the sixt ycare a complot Bucke as likewise your Hare is the first ycare a Calfe, the second ycare a Brocket, the third ycare a Spade, the fourth ycare a Stag, the fift ycare a great Seag, the first ycare a Hart as likewise the Raw-bucke is the first ycare a Kid, the second ycare a Gille, the third ycare a Hermuse: and these are your speciall beasts for chase, or as we huntsmen call it, for venery.

ea. And if I shall be taken for venery, I shal be a more speciall beast than any in any forrest. Sir I am sorry I have bin so troublesome to you.

blue. And know this was the readiest way to chase away the  
scholler, by getting him into a subject he cannot talk of; for  
his life. Since I will borrow so much time of you as to finish this  
my bequestory. Now fir, after much trouble we singled a  
Buck, I rode that fair time upon a Roate gelding, and stood  
to intercept from the thicket: the buck broke gallantly: my  
gaze swift being disadvantaged in his slip was at the first be-  
hind, ourn presently noted and outstrip them, when as the  
Hart presently descended to the river, and being in the water,  
proferd and reproferd, and proferd again: & at last hee ap-  
peared at the other side of the water which we call foyle of  
the Hart, and there other Huntsmen met him with an aduin-  
treley: we followed in hard chase for the space of eight hours,  
thrice our hounds were at default and then we cryed a flaine,  
straight to hounds sought good reclayning my faulty hounds  
found their game againe, and so went through the wood with  
gallant notice of musicke resembling so many Violls Degam-  
boe, at last the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds seized  
upon him, he groined and wept, and dyed. In good faith it  
made me weep too, to thinke of *Adams* fortune, which my *O-  
mid* speaks of.

— 26. — *Meditat communis amorem, & habet sua castra cupido.*

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suite.

Quantities:

c d

**Amo.**



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Amo.* In good faith Sir, if I did not loue you as my ſoule, I would not make you acquainted with the myſteries of my art.

*Acad.* Nay, I will not die of a diſcourſe yet, if I can chooſe.

*Amor.* So ſir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the ſmall gites and the lights, and the bloud: the Huntſmen hal- lowed, ſo ho, *Venus* a coupler, and ſo coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of houndes that lay at aduantage, had their couples caſt off and we might heare the Huntſmen cry, *horſe, decouple, Auant*, but ſtreight we heard him cry *ſe Amond*, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on ſoote, and by and by I might ſee ſore and re- ſore, prick, and re prick: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha, theſe ſchollers are the ſimpleſt creatures.

Actus 2. ſcen. 6.

*Enter Amoretto and his Page.*

*Pag.* I wonder whats become of that *Quid de arte amandi*, my maſter, he that for the praſtiſe of his diſcourſe is wonte to court his hobby abroad, and at home in his chamber makes a ſet ſpeech to his greyhound, deſiring that moſt faire and amiable leg to grace his company in a ſtately galliard, and if the dog, ſeeing him praſtiſe his luſty pointes, as his croſſpoyn- t backcaper, chance to beray the rome, he preſently doſſes his Cap moſt ſolemnly, makes a low leg to his ladyſhip, taking it for the greateſt fauour in the world, that ſhe would vouchſafe to leaue her Ciuet box, or her ſweet gloue behind her.

*Amor.* He opens *Quid* and reades it.

*Pag.* Not a word more ſir ant pleaſe you, your Hobby will meeete you at the lanes end.

*Amo.* What ſlack, faith I cannot but vent vnto thee a moſt witty jeſt of mine.

*Page.* I hope my maſter will not breake wind: wilt pleaſe you ſir to bleſſe mine cares with the diſcourſe of it.

*Am.* Good faith, the boy begins to haue an elegant ſitack

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

of my ſtile: why then thus it was *lacke*: a ſcurvy merre Cambridge ſcholler, I know not how to define him.

*Page.* Nay Maſter, let me define a merre ſcholler: I heard a courtier once define a merre ſcholler, to be *anim ill ſcabioſu*, that is, a living creature that is troubled with the itch: or a merre ſcholler is a creature that can ſtrike fire in the morning at his under-boy, put on a paire of lined ſlippers, ſit reſtowing till dinner, and then goe to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to ſpre: or if you will haue him defined by negatives. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eat a melle of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horſe without ſpur-galling: one that cannot ſalute a woman, & looke on her directly, one that cannot ———

*Am.* Inough *lacke*, I can ſtay no longer, I am ſo great in child-birth with this ieſt: Sirrha, this pradicible, this ſawcye groome, becauſe when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my tutor, I was content in diſcreet humility, to gine him ſome place at the Table, and becauſe I inuited the hungry ſlaue ſometimes to my Chamber; to the canuaſing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Veniſon; which my Lady Grandmother ſent me, hee thought himſelfe therefore eternally poſſeſſed of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his olde familiarity did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of waight. I could not tell howe to ridde my ſelfe of the troubleſome Barre, then by getting him into the diſcourſe of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of Arte, the poore Scorpion became ſpeechleſſe, and ſuddenly raviſhed. Theſe Clearkes are ſimple fellowes, ſimple fellowes. *He reads Ouid.*

*Page.* Simple indeede they are, for they want your courtly compoſition of a foole and of a knaue. Good faith ſir a moſt abſolute ieſt, but me thinkes it might haue beene followed a little farther.

*Am.* As how my little knaue

*Page.* Why thus ſir; had you inuited him to dinnee at your Table, and haue put the canuaſing of a capon vpon him, you ſhould

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

ſhould haue ſcene him handle the knife ſo fooliſhly, then run through a iury of faces, then wagging his head, and ſhewing his teeth in familiarity, venter vpon it with the ſame method that he was wont to vntruſſe an apple pye, or tyranniſe an Egge & butter; then would I had applyed him all dinner time with cleane trenchers, cleane trenchers, and ſtill when he had a good bit of meate, I would haue taken it from him, by giuing him a cleane trencher, and ſo haue ſerued him in kindneſſe,

*Amo.* Well ſaid ſubtle *Iack*, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my lady mother laugh at the Scholler, ile to my game: for you *Iacke*, I would haue you imploy your time till my coming in watching. what houre of the day my hawke mutes. *Exit.*

*Page.* Is not this an excellent office to bee Apothecary to his worſhips hawke, to ſit ſcouting on the wall, how the Phiſicke workes, and is not my Maiſter an abſolute villaine, that loues his Hawke, his Hobby, and his Grey-hound, more then any mortall creature? do but diſpraiſe a feather of his hawkes traine, and he writheſ his mouth, and ſweares, for hee can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the moſt ſhallowe braind fellow that liues: do but ſay his horſe ſtales with a good preſence, and hee's your bondſlaue: when he returnes Ile tell twenty admirable lies of his hawke, and then I ſhall bee his little roague, and his white villaine for a whole weeke after. Well let others complaine, but I thinke there is no felicity to the ſeruing of a foole.

*Act. 3. Scen. 1.*

*Sir Rad. Record. Page. Sig. Immerito.*

*Sir Rad. Sig. Immerito.* you remember my caution, for the tithes, & my promiſe for ſanning my tithes at ſuch a rate.

*Im.* I, and pleaſe your worſhip Sir.

*Sir Rad.* You muſt put in ſecurity for the performance of it in ſuch ſort as I and maiſter Recorder ſhall like of.

*Im.* I will an t pleaſe your worſhip.

*Sir Rad.* And becauſe I will be ſure that I haue conferred this kindneſſe vpon a ſufficient man, I haue deſired Maiſter Recorder to take examination of you.

*Page*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Pag.* My maiſter (it ſeemes) tak's him for a theife, but he hath ſmal reaſon for it, as for learning it's plaine he neuer ſtole any, and for the living he knowes himſelfe how he comes by it, for let him but eate a meſſe of ſurmenty this ſeauen yeare, and yet he ſhall neuer be able to recouer himſelfe: alas poore Sheepe that hath fallen into the hands of ſuch a Fox.

*S. Rad.* Good maiſter Recorder take your place by me, and make tryall of his gifts, is the clerke there to recorde his examination, oh the Page ſhall ſerue the turne.

*Pag.* Tryal of his gifts; neuer had any gifts a better trial; why *Immerito* his gifts haue appeared in as many colours, as the Rain-bowe; firſt to maiſter *Amoretto* in colour of the Sattine ſuite he weares; to my Lady in the ſimilitude of a looſe gowne; to my maiſter, in the likenefſe of a ſiluer baſen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the ſemblance of new ſuites and points. So maiſter *Amoretto* plaies the gull in a piece of a parſonage; my maiſter adorneſ his cupboord with a piece of a parſonage; my miſtreſ vpon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parſonage; and we Pages playe at blow point for a piece of a parſonage; I thinke heer's tryall inough for one mans gifts.

*Recor.* For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a hanſome likely man.

*Pag.* He is a hanſome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parſonage.

*Recor.* In the next place, ſome art is requiſite for the perfection of nature: for the tryall whereof, at the requeſt of my worſhipfull friend, I will in ſome ſort propound queſtions fit to be reſolued by one of your profeſſion, ſay what is a perſon that was neuer at the vniuerſity?

*Im.* A perſon that was neuer in the Vniuerſity, is a living creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

*Rec.* Very well anſwer'd, but you ſhould haue added: and muſt be officious to his patron: write downe that anſwer to ſhew his learning in Logick.

*Sir Rad.* Yea boy write that downe. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me aſke you one queſtion that I remember, whether is the Maſculine gender or the feminine more worthy.

*Im.* The

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Im.* The Feminine ſir.

*Sir Rad.* The right answer, the right answer: in good faith I haue beene of that mind alwayes; write boy that, to shew hee is a Grammarian.

*Pag.* No maruell my maister bee against the Grammer, for he hath alwayes made false Latin in the Genders.

*Rec.* What Vniuersity are you off?

*Im.* Of none.

*Sir Rad.* He tells trueth, to tell trueth is an excellent vertue, Boy make two heads, one for his learning, another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

*Pag.* What, halfe a messe of good qualities referred to an Asses head?

*Sir Rad.* Now maister Recorder, if it please you I will examine him in an author, that will sound him to the depth, a booke of Astronomy, otherwise called an Almanacke.

*Rec.* Very good, Sir Raderike, it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity; then there would not bee such busie state-prying fellowes as are now a dayes, proceed good ſir.

*Sir Rad.* What is the Dominicall letter?

*Im.* C. ſir, and please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke, write downe that, and referre it to his skill in Philosophy.

*Pag.* C. the Dominicall letter: it is true, craft and cunning do so dominere: yet rather C and D, are dominicall letters, that is crafty Dunsery.

*S. Rad.* How many dayes hath September?

*Im.* Aprill, Iune and Nouember, February hath 28, alone and all the rest hath 30. and one.

*S. Rad.* Very learnedly in good faith, he hath also a smack in poetry, write downe that boy, to shew his learning in poetry. How many miles from Waltham to London?

*Im.* Twelue Sir.

*S. Rad.* How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

E

*Im.*

*The returne from Parnassus.*

*Im.* Ten Sir.

*Pag.* Without doubt he hath beene some Carriers horse.

*S.Rad.* How call you him that is cunning in 1.2.3.4.5.and the Cipher?

*Im.* A good Arithmatician.

*S.Rad.* Write downe that answere of his, to shew his learning in Arithmatick.

*Pag.* He must needs be a good Arithmatician that counted money so lately.

*S.Rad.* When is the new Moone?

*Im.* The last quarter the 5.day, at 2. of the clock and 38. minuts in the morning.

*S.Rad.* Write him downe, how call you him, that is weather-wise?

*Recor.* A good Astronomer.

*S.Rad.* Sirrha boy, write him downe for a good Astronomer.

*Pag.* *As Colit astra.*

*S.Rad.* What day of the month lights the Queenes day on?

*Im.* The 17. of Nouember.

*S.Rad.* Boy, referre this to his vertues, and write him downe a good subiect.

*Pag.* Faith he were an excellent subiect for 2. or 3. good wits, he would make a fine Ass for an Ape to ride vpon.

*S.Rad.* And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning, now it remaines to try whether you bee a man of good vtterance. that is, whether you can aske for the strayed Heyfer with the white face, as also chide the boyes in the belfrie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let mee heare your voyce.

*Im.* If any man or woman.

*S.Rad.* Thats too high.

*Im.* If any man or woman.

*S.Rad.* Thats too lowe.

*Im.* If any man or woman, can tell any tidings of a Horse with foure feete, two eares, that did straye about the seuenth houre, three minutes in the forenoone the fift day.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Page.* I tooke of a horſe inſt as it were the Eccliſpe of the Moone.

*S. Rad.* Boy write him downe for a good vtterance: Maiſter Recorder, I thinke he hath beene examined ſufficiently.

*Rec.* I, *Sir Radericke*, tis ſo, wee haue tride him very thoroughly.

*Page.* I, we haue taken an inuenty of his good parts and prized them accordingly.

*S. Rad.* Signior *Immerito*, forasmuch as wee haue made a double tryall of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient alſo in the next place to giue you a ſewe exhortations, conſidering this, greateſt Clearks are not the wiſeſt men: this is therefore firſt to exhort you to abſtaine from Controuerſies. Secondly not to gird at men of worſhip, ſuch as my ſelfe, but to uſe your ſelfe diſcreetly. Thirdly not to ſpeake when any man or woman coughs: doe ſo, and in ſo doing I will perſeuer to bee your worſhipfull friend and louing patron.

*Im.* I thanke your worſhip, you haue beene the deficient cauſe of my preferment.

*Sir Rad.* Lead *Immerito* in to my ſonne, and let him diſpatch him, and remember my tithes to bee reſerued, paying twelue pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-fields, to ſpeake with an vnthrift I ſhould meeete at the middle Temple about a purchaſe, when you haue done follow vs. *Exeunt Immerito and the Page.*

*Actus 3. Scena 2.*

*Sir Raderick, and Recorder.*

*Sir Rad.* Harke you Maiſter Recorder, I haue ſleſht my prodigall boy notably, notably, in letting him deale for this living, that hath done him much, much good I aſſure you.

*Recor.* You doe well *Sir Radericke*, to beſtowe your living vpon ſuch an one as will be content to ſhare, and on Sunday to ſay nothing, whereas your proud Vniuerſitie princ Cox thinks he is a man of ſuch merit, the world cannot ſufficiently

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

endow him with preferment, an vnthankfull Viper, an vn-  
thankfull viper that will ſting the man that reuiued him.

Why iſt not ſtrange to ſee a ragged clarke,  
Some ſtamell weauer or ſome butchers ſohne :  
That ſcrubd a late within a ſleeueleſſe gowne,  
When the commencement, like a morice dance,  
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,  
Created him a ſweet cleane gentleman:  
How then he gins to follow faſhions.  
He whoſe thin fire dwell in a ſmoky rouse,  
Muſt take Tobacco and muſt weare a locke,  
His thirſty Dad drinke in a wooden bowle,  
But his ſweete ſelfe is ſeru'd in ſiluer plate.  
His hungry fire will ſcrape you twenty legges,  
For one good Chriſtmas meale on New yeares day.  
But his mawe muſt be capon crambd each day,  
He muſt ere long be triple benefited,  
Elſ with his tongue hee le thunderbolt the world,  
And ſhake each peafant by his deafe-mans eare.  
But had the world no wiſer men then I,  
Weede pen the prating parats in a cage,  
A chaire, a candle and a Tinderbox,  
A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne,  
Should be their lands and whole poſſeſſions,  
Knights, Lords, & lawyers ſhould be log'd & dwell  
Within thoſe over ſtately heapes of ſtone.  
Which doting fires in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wiſhed that neuer a ſcholler in England  
might haue aboute forty pound a yeare.

*S. Rad.* Faith maſter *Recorder*, if it went by wiſhing, there  
ſhould neuer a one of them all haue aboute twenty a yeare :  
a good ſtipend, a good ſtipend, maſter *Recorder*. I in the meane  
time, howſoeuer I hate them all deadly, yet I am ſaine to giue  
them good words. Oh they are peſſilene fellows, they ſpeake  
nothing but bodkins, and piſſe vineger. Wel, do what I can in  
outward kindeſſe to them, yet they do nothing but beray my  
houſe : as there was one that made a couple of knauiſh verſes



*The retorne from Pernaſſus.*

on my country chimney now in the time of my ſoiourning  
here at London: and it was thus.

*Sir Raderick* keepes no chimney Cauerere,  
That takes Tobacco aboue once a yeare.

And another made a couple of verſes on my daughter that  
learnes to play on the violl *de gambo*.

Her vyoll *de gambo* is her beſt content.

For twixt hei legges ſhe holds her inſtrument.

Very knauish, very knauish, if you looke vnto it maiſter  
*Recorder*. Nay they haue plaide many a knauish tricke beſide  
with me. Well, tis a ſhame indeede there ſhould bee any ſuch  
priuilege for proud beggars as Cambridge, and Oxford are.  
But let them go, and if euer they light in my hands, if I do not  
plague them, let me neuer retorne home againe to ſee my wiſes  
waiting mayde.

*Recor.* This ſcorne of Knights is two egregious.

But how ſhould theſe young colts proue amblers,  
When the old heavy galed iades do trot,  
There ſhall you ſee a puny boy ſtart vp,  
And make a theame againſt common lawyers:  
Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,  
This ſidling boy paying a fit of mirth:  
The gray beard ſcrib, and laugh and cry good, good,  
To them againe; boy ſcurdge the barbarians:  
But we may giue the looſers leaue to talke,  
We haue the coyne, then ſet them laugh for mee.  
Yet knights and lawyers hope to ſee the day,  
When we may ſhare here their poſſeſſions,  
And make indentures of their chaffred ſkins:  
Dice of their bones to throw in meriment.

*Sir Rad.* O good ſaue maiſter Recorder, if I could ſee that  
day once.

*Rec.* Well, remember another day what I ſay: ſchollers are  
pried into of late, and are found to bee buſie fellows, diſtur-  
bers of the peace, ſle ſay no more, geſſe at my meaning, I ſmell  
a Rat.

*Sir Rad.* I hope at length England will be wiſe enough, I  
hope

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

hope ſo, I ſayth, then an old knight may haue his wench in a corner without any Satyres or Epigrams. But the day is farre ſpent. *M. Recorder*, and I feare by this time the vnthrilt is arriued at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs haſten to him  
*He lookes on his watch.*

*Rec.* Indeed this dayes ſubiect transported vs too late, I thinke we ſhall not come much too late, *Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 3.*

*Enter Amoretto, his page, Immerito booted.*

*Amor.* Maiſter *Immerito* deliuer this letter to the Poſer in my fathers name: mary withall ſome ſprinkling, ſome ſprinkling, *verbum ſapienti ſat eſt.* farewell maiſter *Immerito*.

*Im.* I thanke your worſhip moſt heartily.

*Page.* Is it not a ſhame to ſee this old dunce learning his induction at theſe yeares: but let him go, I looſe nothing by him, for ile be ſworne but for the bootye of ſelling the perſonage I ſhould haue gone in mine old cloathes this Chriſtmas. A dunce I ſee is a neighbourlike brute beaſt, a man may liue by him.

*Amor.* ſeemes to make verſe.

*Amor.* A pox on it, my muſe is not ſo witty as ſhee was wonte to be, her noſe is like, not yet, plague on theſe mathematikes, they haue ſpoyled my braine in making a verſe.

*Pag.* Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then will ſerue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian houre by rumbling of his panch,

*Am.* Her noſe is like.

*Pag.* A coblers ſhooinghorne.

*Am.* Her noſe is like a beaurious maribone.

*Pag.* Mary a ſweete ſnotty miſtreſ.

*Amor.* Faith I doe not like it yet: aſſe as I was to reade a peece of *Ariſtotle* in greeke yeſternight, it hath put me out of my Engliſh vaine quite,

*Pag.* O monſtrous lye, let me be a point-truſſer while I liue if he vnderſtands any tongue but Engliſh.

*Amor.* Sirrha boy remember me when I come in *Paules Church.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Churchyard to buy a *Ronzard*, & *Diabartas* in French, & *Aretine* in Italian, & our hardeſt writers in ſpaniſh, they wil ſharpen my wits gallantly. I do relliſh theſe tongues in ſome ſort. Oh now I do remeber I heare a report of a Poet newly come out in Hebrew, it is a pritty harſh tongue, & relliſh a Gentleman trauellers; but come lets haſte after my father, the fieldes are fitter to heauenly meditations. *Exeunt.*

*Pag.* My maiſters, I could wiſh your preſence at an admirable feſt, why preſently this great linguist my Maiſter, will march through *Paules Church-yard*, Come to a booke binders ſhop, and with a big Italian looke and ſpaniſh face aſke for theſe bookes in ſpaniſh and Italian; then turning through his ignorance, the wrong ende of the booke vpward, vſe action, on this vnknowne tongue after this ſort; firſt looke on the title and wrinkle his brow, next make as though he read the firſt page and bites a lip, then with his naile ſcore the margent as though there were ſome notable conceit, and laſtly when he thinks hee hath gull'd the ſtanders by ſufficiently, throwes the booke away in a rage, ſwearing that he could neuer finde bookes of a true printe ſince he was laſt in *leadnia*, enquire after the next maite, and ſo departs. And ſo muſt I, for by this time his contemplation is arriued at his miſtres noſe end, he is as glad as if he had taken *Offend*: by this he begins to ſpit, and crie boy, carry my cloake: and now I goe to attend on his worſhip,

*Act. 2. Scen. 4.*

*Enter Ingenuoſe, Furer, Phantaſma.*

*Ing.* Come laddes, this wine whets your reſolution in our deſigne: it's a needy world with ſubtill ſpirits, and there's a gentle manlike kind of begging, that may beſecme Poets in this age.

*Fur.* Now by the wing of nimble Mercury,  
By my *Thalias* ſiluer ſounding harpes  
By that celeftiall fire within my braine,

That

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

That giues a liuing genius to my lines :  
How ere my dulled intellectuall,  
Capres leſſe nimbly then it did afore,  
Yet will I play a hunt's vp to my muſe :  
And make her mount from out her ſlaggiſh neſt,  
As high as is the higheſt ſpheere in heauen :  
Awake you paltry trulles of *Helicon*,  
Or by this light, lle Swaſſger with you ſtreight :  
You grand-ſire *Phabus* with your louely eye,  
The firmaments eternall vagabond,  
The heauens promotor that doth peepe and pryce,  
Into the actes of mortall tennis balls.  
Inſpire me ſtreight with ſome rare delicies,  
Or lle diſmount thee from thy radiant coach :  
And make thee poore Cutchy hete on earth.

*Phau. Currus auriga paterni.*

*Ing.* Nay prethee good *Furor*, do not roaue in rimes before thy time : thou haſt a very terrible roaring muſe, nothing but ſquibs & ſine ierkes, quiet thy ſelfe a while, & heare thy charge.

*Phau. Huc ades, hac animo concipe diſſatus.*

*Ingeni.* Let vs on to our deuife, our plot, our proieſt. That old *Sir Raderick*, that new printed *compendum* of all iniquity, that hath not aired his countrey *Chinney* once in 3. winters : he that loues to liue in an od corner here at London, & effect an odde wench in a nooke, one that loues to liue in a narrow roome, that he may with more facilitie in the darke, light vpon his wiſes waiting maide, one that loues aliſe a ſhort ſermon & a long play, one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bedde in Circle, good for nothing in the world but to ſweat night caps, and foule faire lawne ſhirts, feed a few foggie ſeruing men, and preferre dunces to liuings. This old *Sir Raderick* (*Furor*) it ſhall be thy taſke to cudgell with thy thick thwart termes, and then if he will not vnty his purſe ſtrings, of his liberality, ſting him with termes laid in *Aqua fortis* and Gunpowder.

*Furor. In noua fert animus mutatas dicere formas.*

The Seruile current of my ſliding verſe,  
Gentle ſhall runne into his thick ſkin'd eares :

Where

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Where it ſhall dwell like a magnifico,  
Command his ſlimie ſpright to honour me  
For my high tiptoe ſtrouting poeſie.  
But if his ſtarres hath fauour'd him ſo ill,  
As to debarre him by his dunghil thoughts,  
Juſtly to eſteeme my verſes lowting pitch:  
If his earth wrotting ſnout ſhall gin to ſcorne,  
My verſe that giueth immortality:  
Then, *Bella per Emathios.*

*Phan. Furor arma miniſtrat.*

*Furor.* Ile ſhake his heart vpon my verſes point,  
Rip out his guts with riuing poinard:  
Quarter his credit with a bloudy quill.

*Phan. Calami, Atramentum, charta, libelli,  
Sunt ſemper ſtudijs arma parata tuis.*

*Ing.* Inough *Furor*, wee know thou art a nimble ſwagger:  
rer with a goole quill: now for you *Phantaſma*, leaue truſſing  
your points and liſten. *Phan. Omne tulit punctum.*

*Ing.* Marke you *Amoretto* Sir *Radericks* ſonne, to him  
ſhall thy piping poetry and ſugar ends of verſes be directed:  
he is one, that will draw out his pocket glaſſe thrife in a walke,  
one that dreames in a night of nothing, but muſke and ciuet,  
and talke of nothing all day long but his hawke, his ſtound,  
and his miſtreſſe, one that more admires the good wrinkle of  
a boote, the curious crinkling of a filke ſtocking, then all the  
wit in the world: one that loues no ſcholler but him whoſe  
tyred eares can endure halfe a day together his ſublow ſon-  
nettes of his miſtreſſe, and her louing pretty creatures, her  
munckey and her puppet: it ſhall be thy taſke (*Phantaſma*) to  
cut this gullies throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold faſt  
for all thy iugling rhetoricke, fall at defiance with him, and the  
poking ſticke he weares.

*Phan. Simul extulit enſem*

*Ing.* Come braue nimphs, gather vp your ſpirits, and let vs  
march on like aduenturous knights, and diſcharge a hundreth  
poeticall ſpirits vpon them.

*Phan. Eſt Deus in nobis, agitante ualeſcimus illo. Exeunt.*

*The returne from Permaſſus:*

*Act. 3. Scen. 5.*

*Enter Philomusus, Studieſe.*

*Stud.* Well *Philomusus*, we neuer ſcaped ſo faire a ſcouring: why yonder are purſeuants out for the French Doctor, and a lodging beſpoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a terrible feare that made vs caſt our haire.

*Phil.* And canſt thou ſport at our calamities?  
And counteſt vs happy to ſcape priſonment?  
Why the wide world that bleſſeth ſome with waile,  
Is to our chained thoughts a darkeſome gaile:

*Stud.* Nay prethee friend, theſe wonted termes forgo,  
He doubles grieve that comments on a wo.

*Phil.* Why do fond men terme it impiety?  
To ſend a wearifome ſad grudging Ghoſt,  
Vnto his home, his long, long, laſting home?  
Or let them make our life leſſe grieuous be,  
Or ſuffer vs to end our miſery.

*Stud.* Oh no, the Sentinell his watch muſt keepe,  
Vntill his Lord do licence him to ſleepe:

*Phil.* It's time to ſleepe within our hollow graues,  
And reſt vs in the darkeſome wombe of earth:  
Dead things are graued, and bodies are no leſſe,  
Pined and forlorne, like Ghoſtly carcaſes.

*Stud.* Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne,  
Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.  
Meane time, good *Philomusus* be content,  
Lets ſpend our dayes in hopefull merriment.

*Phil.* Curſt be our thoughts whē ere they dreame of hope:  
Band be thoſe haps that henceforth flatter vs,  
When miſchiefe doggs vs ſtill and ſtill for aye,  
From our firſt birth, vntill our burying day.  
In our firſt gameſome age, our doting fires,  
Carked and cared to haue vs lettered:  
Sent vs to Cambridge, where our oyle is ſpent:  
Vs our kinde Colledge from the teate did teare:  
And for't vs walke before we weaned were,  
From that time ſince wandred haue we ſtill:

*The returne from Pernassus.*

In the wide world, vrg'd by our forced will,  
Nor euer haue we happy fortune tryed:  
Then why should hope with our tent state abide?  
Nay let vs run vnto the basfull caue,  
Pight in the hollow ribbes of craggy cliffe,  
Where dreary Owles do shrike the liue-long night;  
Chasing away the byrdes of chearefull light:  
Where yawning Ghosts do howle In ghastly wise,  
Where that dull hollow ey'd, that staring fyre,  
Yclept *Dispaire* hath his sad mansion.  
Him let vs finde, and by his counsell we,  
Will end our too much yrked misery.

*Stud.* To waile thy haps, argues a dastard minde.

*Phil.* To beare too long, argues an asses kinde.

*Stud.* Long since the worst chance of the die was cast,

*Phil.* But why should that word *worst* so long time last?

*Stud.* Why dost thou now these sleepeie plaints commence?

*Phil.* Why should I ere be duld with patience?

*Stud.* Wise folke do beare with, struggling cannot mend.

*Phil.* Good spirits must with thwarting fates contend,

*Stud.* Some hope is left our fortunes to redresse,

*Phil.* No hope but this, ere to be comfortlesse,

*Stud.* Our liues remainder gentler hearts may finde.

*Phil.* The gentlest hearts to vs will proue vnkind.

*Act. 4. Scen. 1.*

*Sir Radericke and Prodigio, at one corner of the Stage. Rescor,  
and Amoretto at the other. Two Pages scouring  
of Tobacco pipes.*

*Sir Rad. M. Prodigio, M. Recorder* hath told you lawe, your  
land is forfeited: and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to  
breake the *Queenes law*, for marke you, its law to take the for-  
feiture: therefore not to breake it is to breake the *Queenes law*,  
and to breake the *Queenes law*, is not to be a good subiect, and  
I meane to bee a good subiect. Besides, I am a Justice of the  
peace, and being Justice of the peace, I must do justice, that is  
F a law,

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

law, that is to take the forfeiture, eſpecially hauing taken notice of it. Marry Maſter *Prodigo*, here are a ſew ſhillings, ouer and beſides the bargaine.

*Prod.* Pox on your ſhillings; ſblood a while ago, before he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen *Prodigo*, you are welcome my coozen; *Prodigo*, take my coozen *Prodigoes* horſe, a cup of Wine for my coozen *Prodigo*, good faith you ſhall ſit here good coozen *Prodigo*, a cleane trencher for my coozen *Prodigo*, haue a ſpeciall care of my coozen *Prodigoes* lodging: now maſter *Prodigo* with a pox, and a ſew ſhillings, for a vantage, a plague on your ſhillings, pox on your ſhillings, if it were not for the Sergeant which dogges me at my heeles, a plague on your ſhillings, pox on your ſhillings, pox on your ſelfe & your ſhillings, pox on your worſhip, if I catch thee at *Offend*: I dare not ſtaye for the Sergeant. *Exit*

*S. Rad. pag.* Good faith Maſter *Prodigo* is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gulan ebullitio* ſo excellently.

*Amor. Page.* He is a good liberall Gentleman, he hath beſtowed an ounce of Tobacco vpon vs, and as long as it laſts, come cut and long-taile, wee ſpend it as liberally for his ſake.

*S. Rad. Page.* Come fill the Pipe quickly; while my maſter is in his melancholic humour, it's juſt the melancholy of a Colliers horſe

*Amor. page* If you cough *Zacke* after your Tobacco, for a puniſhment you ſhall kiſſe the Pantoffle.

*S. Rad.* It's a foule ouer-ſight, that a man of worſhip cannot keepe a wench in his houſe, but there muſt be muttering and ſurmizing: it was the wiſeſt ſaying that my father euer vttered, that a wife was the name of neceſſitie, not of pleaſure: for what do men marry for, but to ſtocke their ground, and to haue one to looke to the linnen, ſit at the vpper end of the table, and carue vp a Capon: one that can weare a hood like a Hawke, and couer her foule face with a Fanne: but there's no pleaſure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, ſometimes a meſſe of ſtewd broth will do well, and an vnlac'd Rabbet is beſt of all: well for mine owne part, I haue no great cauſe to complaine, for I am well prouided of three bounding wenches



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

ches, that are mine owne ſee-simple: one of them I am preſently to viſit, if I can rid my ſelfe cleanly of this company. Let me ſee how the day goes: (*hee pulls his Watch out.*) precious coales, the time is at hand, I muſt meditate on an excuſe to be gone.

*Record.* That which I ſay, is grounded on the Statute I ſpake of before, enacted in the raigne of *Henry the 6.*

*Amer.* It is a plaine caſe, whereon I mooted in our Temple, and that was this: put caſe there be three bretheren, *John a Nokes*, *John a Naſh*, and *John a Stile*: *John a Nokes* the elder, *John a Naſh* the younger, *John a Stile* the youngſt of all, *John a Naſh* the yonger a dyeth without iſſue of his body lawfully begotten: whether ſhall his lands aſcend to *John a Nokes* the elder, or diſcend to *John a Stile* the youngſt of all? The answer is: The lands do collaterally deſcend, not aſcend.

*Recor.* Very true, and for a prooſe hereof I will ſhew you a place in *Littleton*, which is very pregnant in this point.

*Actus. 4. Scena. 2.*

*Enter Ingenioſo, Furor, Phantaſma.*

*Ing.* Ile pawne my witts, that is, my reuenues, my land, my money, and whatſoever I haue, for I haue nothing but my wit, that they are at hand: why any ſenſible ſnout may winde M. *Amoretto* and his Pomander, M. *Recorder* & his two neates feete that weare no ſockes, Sir *Raderick* by his raminish complection. Olet *Gorgonius hyrcum*, *S't. Lupus in fabula*. *Furor* fire the Touch-box of your witte: *Phantaſma*, let your inuention play trickes like an Ape: begin thou *Furor*, and open like a phlaphmouthd Hound: follow thou *Phantaſma* like a Ladies Puppy: and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a Water-dogge that wil ſhake them off, when I haue no uſe of them. My maſters, the watch-word is giuen. *Furor* diſcharge.

*Furor* to | The great proiector of the thunder-bolts, &

*S. Rad.* | He that is wont to piſſe whole clouds of raine,  
Into the earth vaſt gaping vrinall.

Which that one ey'd ſubtiſer of the ſkie,

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Don Phœbus empties by calidity :*

He and his Townesmen *Planets* brings to thee,  
Most fatty lumpes of earths facility.

*S. Rad.* Why will this fellowes English breake the *Queenes*  
peace, I will not seeme to regard him.

*Phan.* *Mecenas æquus edita regibus,*

*to Am.* *O et præſidium, et dulce decus meum,*

*Diſ faciant votis vela ſecundatuis.*

*Inge.* God ſaue you good maiſter Recorder, and good for-  
tunes follow your deſerts : I thinke I haue curſt him ſuffici-  
ently in few words,

*S. Rad.* What haue we here, three begging Souldiers, come  
you from *Oſtend*, or from *Ireland*.

*Pag.* *Cuius pecus, an' Malibei?* I haue vented all the Latin  
one man had.

*Phan.* *Quid dicam amplius & domini ſimilis es.*

*Amor. pag.* Let him alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle  
him there.

*Phan.* *Quam diſpari domino dominaris?*

*Rec.* Nay thats plaine in *Littleton*, for if that ſee-ſimple, and  
the ſee taile be put together, it is called hotch potch: now this  
word hotch potch in English is a pudding, for in ſuch a pud-  
ding is not comonly one thing only, but one thing with another

*Amor.* I thinke I do remember this alſo at a mooting in our  
Temple: ſo then this hotch potch ſeemes a terme of ſimilitude.

*Furor to Great Capricornus,* of the head take keepe,

*S. Rad.* Good *Virgo* watch, while that thy worſhip ſleepe.  
And when thy ſwelling vents amaine,  
Then *Piſces* be thy ſporting Chamberlaine.

*S. Rad.* I thinke the diuell hath ſent ſome of his family to  
torment me.

*Amor.* There is taile generall and taile ſpeciall, and *Littleton*  
is very copious in that theame: for taile generall is, when land  
are given to a man, and his heyres of his body begotten: Taile  
ſpeciall, is when lands are given to a man, and to his wife, &c  
to the heyres of their two bodies lawfully begotten, and that  
is called Taile ſpeciall.

*S. Rad.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*S. Rad.* Very well, and for his oath I will giue a diſtinction: there is a materiall oath, and a formall oath: the formall oath may be broken, the materiall may not be broken: for marke you fir, the law is to take place before the conſcience, & therefore you may, vſing me your counſeller, caſt him in the ſute: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place,

*Phan.* *Nihil hic niſi carmina deſunt.*

*Ing.* An excellent obſeruation in good faith, ſee how the old Fox teacheth the yong Cub to werry a ſheepe, or rather ſits himſelfe like an old Goofe, hatching the adle braine of maiſter *Amoretti*: there is no foole to the Sattin foole, the Veluet foole, the perfumde foole, and therefore the witty Tailors of this age, put them vnder colour of kindneſſe into a paire of cloath-bagges, where a voyder will not ſerue the turne: & there is no knaue to the barbarous knaue, the moulting knaue, the pleading knaue: what ho *M. Recorder* & Maiſter *Nouerint vniuerſi per preſentes*, not a word he, vnleſſe he feele it in his fiſt.

*Phan.* *Mitto tibi metulus, caneros imitare legendo.*

*S. Rad.* to *Furor*: Fellow what art thou that art ſo bold?

*Fur.* I am the baſtard of great *Mercury*,

Got on *Thalia* when ſhe was a ſleeper:

My Gawdy Grandfire, great *Apollo* high,

Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,

To all the land vpon the forked hill.

*Phan.* *O crudelis Alexi nil mea carminu curas?*

*Nil noſtri miſerere mori me deinde cogere?*

*S. Rad.* *Pag.* If you uſe them thus, my maiſter is a Juſtice of peace, and will ſend you all to the Gallowes.

*Phan.* *Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.*

*Ing.* Good maiſter *Recorder*, let mee retaine you this terme for my cauſe, for my cauſe good maiſter *Recorder*.

*Recor.* I am retained already on the contrary part, I haue taken my fee, be gon, be gon.

*Ing.* It's his meaning I ſhould come off: why here is the true ſtile of a villaine, the true faith of a Lawyer: it is vſuall with them to be bribed on the one ſide, and then to take a fee  
of

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

of the other: to plead weakely, and to be bribed and rebribed on the one ſide, then to be feed and refeed of the other, till at length, *per varios caſus*, by putting the caſe ſo often, they make their client ſo lanke, that the ſecond caſe them vp in a combe caſe, and pack them home from the tearme, as though he had trauelled to London to ſell his horſe onely, and hauing loſt their fleeces, liue afterward like poore ſhorne ſheepe.

*Furor*, The Gods aboue that know great *Furors* fame,  
And do adore grand poet *Furors* name:  
Granted long ſince at heauens high parliament,  
That who ſo *Furor* ſhal immortalize,  
No yawning goblins ſhall frequent his grave,  
Nor any bold presumptuous curr ſhall dare  
To liſt his legge againſt his ſacred duſt.  
Where ere I haue my rymes, thence vermin fly  
All, ſaving that foule ſac'd vermin pouerty.  
This ſucks the eggs of my inuention:  
Euacuates my witts full pigeon houſe.  
Now may it pleaſe thy generous dignity,  
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,  
In the true trappe of liberality:  
He cauſe the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,  
He write thy name within the ſixteenth ſpheare:  
He make the Antarticke pole to kiſſe thy toa,  
And *Cynthia* to do homage to thy tayle.

*Sir Rad*. Pretious coles, thou a man of worſhip and Iuſtice too? It's euen ſo, he is ether a madde man or a coniuurer: it were, well if his words were examined, to ſee if they be the Queenes

*Phan*. *Nunc ſi nos audis ut qui es diuinus Apollo,* (or no.

*Dic mihi, qui nummos non habes unde petat?*

*Amor*. I am ſtil haunted with theſe needy Latiniſt fellowes: the beſt counſell I can giue, is to be gone.

*Phan*. *Quod peto da Caie, non peto conſilium.*

*Am*. Fellow looke to your braines: you are mad, you are mad.

*Phan*. *Semel in ſanimum omnes.*

*Am*. Maſter Recorder, is it not a ſhame that a gallant cannot walke the ſtreete quietly for needy fellowes, and that, after there

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

there is a ſtatute come out againſt begging 0

*He ſtrikes his breaſt.*

*Phant.* *Pectora percuffis, pectus quag, robora ſunt.*

*Recor.* I warrant you, they are ſome needy *graduates*: the Vniuerſity breakes winde twiſe a yeare, and lets ſlie ſuch as theſe are:

*Iug.* So ho maiſter Recorder, you that are one of the Diuels fellow commoners, one that ſizeth the Devils butteries, ſinnes and periuries very lauiſhly: one that are ſo deare to *Lucifer*, that he neuer puts you out of commons for non payment: you that lye like a ſummer vpon the ſinnes of the people: you whoſe vocation ſerues to enlarge the territories of Hell, that (but for you) had beene no bigger then a paire of Stockes or a Pillorie: you that hate a ſcholler, becauſe he deſcries your Aſſes cares: you that are a plague ſtuffed Cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand Seruing-man of Hell will one day truiſe vp behind him, and carry to his ſmokie Warde-robe.

*Recor.* What ſtrauck fellow art thou, that art poſſeſt with the ſpirit of malediction?

*Furor.* Vile muddy clod of baſe vnhalloved clay,

Thou ſlimie ſprighted vnkinde Saracen:

When thou wert borne, dame *Nature* caſt her Calfe,

Forrage and time had made thee a great Oxe,

And now thy grinding iawes deuoure quite,

The fodder due to vs of heavenly ſpright.

*Phant.* *Nefasſo te poſuit die quicunque primum et ſacrilega manu,*

*Produxit arbor in nepotum perniciem ob propriumque pugi.*

*Ingeni.* I pray you *Monſieur Ploidon*, of what Vniuerſitie was the firſt Lawyer of, none forſooth, for your Lawe is ruled by reaſon, and not by Arte: great reaſon indeed that a Ploydeniſt ſhould bee mounted on a trapt Falſfrey, with a round Veluet diſh on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte, and a long Gowne, that makes him looke like a *Cedant arma toga*, whileſt the poore *Ariſtoteliſians* walke in a ſhorte cloake and a cloſe *Venetian* hoſe, hard by the

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Oyster-wiſe: and the ſilly Poet goes muſſed in his Cloake to eſcape the Counter. And you Maſter *Amoretto*, that art the chiefe Carpenter of Sonets, a privileged Vicar for the lawleſſe marriage of Inke and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a ſette ſpeech, to colour the quantitie of your Miſtreſſes ſtoole, and ſweate it is moſt ſweete Cuiet: it's ſine when that Puppet-player *Fortune*, muſt put ſuch a Birchen-lane poſt in ſo good a ſuite, ſuch an Aſſe in ſo good fortune.

*Amor.* Father ſhall I draw?

*Sir Rad.* No ſonne, keepe thy peace, and hold the peace.

*Ing.* Nay do not draw, leaſt you chance to bepiſſe your

*Furor.* *Elclere ſinequoſuperos, Cherenta monebo.* (credit,

Fearefull *Megara* with her ſnake twine,

Was curſed dam vnto thy damned ſelfe:

And *Hircan tigers* in the deſert Rockes,

Did foſter vp thy loathed hatefull life,

Baſe *Ignorance* the wicked cradle rocke,

Vile *Barbariſme* was wont to dandle thee:

Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,

And all the griſſy ſprights of griping hell,

With mūning looke hath dogd thee ſince thy birth:

See how the ſpirits do houer ore thy head,

As thick as gnattes in ſummer euening tide,

Balefull *Alceto* preethe ſtay a while,

Till with my verſes I haue rackt his ſoule:

And when thy ſoule departs a Cock may be,

No blanke at all in helles great Lotterie.

Shame ſits and howles vpon thy loathed graue,

And howling vomit vp in filthy guiſe,

The hidden ſtorie of thy villanies.

*Sir Rad.* The Demill my maſters, the diuell in the likeneſſe of a poet, away my Maſters away. *Exit.*

*Phan.* *Arma virumq; cano, Quem fugis ah demens?*

*Amor.* Baſe dog, it is not the cuſtome in Italy to draw vpon enery idle cur that barks, and did it ſtand with my reputation: ah, well go too, thanke my father for your liues.

*The returne from Peruassus.*

*Ing.* Fond gull whom I would undertake to bastinado quickly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth, are not you the yong drouer of linings *Academica* told me of, that hants steeple saires. Bafe worine must thou needes discharge thy craboun to batter downe the walls of learning.

*Amor.* I thinke I haue committed some great sinne against my Mistris, that I am thus tormented with notable villaines bold pefanis I scorne, I scorne them.

*Furor to* | Nay pray thee good sweet diuell do not thou part,  
*Recor.* | I like an honest deuill that will shew

Himselfe in a true heilish smokey hew:

How like thy snout is to great Lucifers?

Such tallants had he, such a gleering eye,

And such a cunning ilight in villany.

*Recor.* Oh the impudency of this age, and if I take you in my quarters.

*Furor* Bafe slave ile hang thee on a crossed rime,

And quarter.

*Ing.* He is gone, *Furor*, stay thy fury.

*S. Rad. Pag.* I pray you gentlemē giue 3. groats for a shilling

*Amo. Pag.* What will you giue me for a good old sute of apparell?

*Phan.* *Habet et musca splenem, et formica sua bilis inest.*

*Ing.* Gramercy good lads: this is our share in happines, to torment the happy: lets walke a long and laugh at the ielt, us no staying here long, least *Sir Radericks* army of Bayliffs and clownes be sent to apprehend vs,

*Phan.* *Procul hinc, procul ite prophani.*

Ile lash Apollon selfe with ierking hand,

Vnlesse he pawne his wit to buy me land:

*Act. 4. Scen. 5.*

*Burbage, Kempe.*

*Bur.* Now *Will Kempe*, if we can intertaine these schollers at a low rate, it wil be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite in a part.

G 2

*Kempe*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Kempe* Its true indeede, honeſt *Dick*, but the ſlaues are ſome-what proud, and beſides, it is a good ſport in a part, to ſee them neuer ſpeake in their walke, but at the end of the ſtage, juſt as though in walking with a fellow we ſhould neuer ſpeake but at a ſtile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I ſaw a paraſite make faces and mouths of all ſorts on this faſhion.

*Bur.* A little teaching will mend theſe faults, and it may bee beſides they will be able to pen a part.

*Kemp.* Few of the vniuerſity pen plaies well, they ſmell too much of that writer *Onid*, and that writer *Metamorphoſis*, and talke too much of *Proſerpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakeſpeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Ionſon* too. O that *Ben Ionſon* is a peſtilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakeſpeare* hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit.

*Bur.* Its a ſhrewd fellow indeed: I wonder theſe ſchollers ſtay ſo long, they appointed to be here preſently that we might try them: oh here they come.

*Stud.* Take heart, theſe lets our clouded thoughts refine,  
The ſun ſhines brighteſt when it gins decline.

*Bur.* M. *Phil.* and M. *Stud.* God ſaue you.

*Kemp.* M. *Phil.* and M. *Otiſe*, well met,

*Phil.* The ſame to you good M. *Burbage*. What M. *Kempe* how doth the Emperour of Germany?

*Stud.* God ſaue you M. *Kempe*: welcome M. *Kempe* from dancing the morrice ouer the Alpes,

*Kemp.* Well you merry knaues you may come to the honor of it one day, is it not better to make a foole of the world as I haue done, then to be fooled of the world, as you ſchollers are? But be merry my lads, you haue happened vpon the moſt excellent vocation in the world for money: they come North and South to bring it to our playhouſe, and for honours, who of more report, then *Dick Burbage* & *Will Kempe*, he is not couſted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage* & *Wil Kemp*, there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengers Round but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.

*Phil.*



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Phil.* Indeed *M. Kempe* you are very famous, but that is as well for workes in print as your part in kne.

*Kempe.* You are at Cambridge ſtill with ſice kne, and be luſty humorous poets, you muſt vntruſſe, I read this my laſt circuit, purpoſely becauſe I would be iudge of your actions.

*Bar. M. Stud.* I pray you take ſome part in this booke and aſt it, that I may ſee what will ſit you beſt, I thinke your voice would ſerue for *Hieronimo*, obſerue how I aſt it and then imitate mee.

*Sind.* Who call *Hieronimo* from his naked bed?

And &c.

*Bar.* You will do well after a while.

*Kemp.* Now for you, one thinkes you ſhould belong to my tuition, and your face me thinkes would be good for a fooliſh Mayre or a fooliſh iuſtice of peace: marke me. —

Foraſmuch as there be two ſtates of a common wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquility: two ſtates of warre, the one of diſcord, the other of diſſention: two ſtates of an incorporation, the one of the Aldermen, the other of the Brethren: two ſtates of magiſtrates, the one of gouerning, the other of bearing rule, now, as I ſaid: euen now for a good thing, thing cannot be ſaid too often: Vertue is the ſhooinghorne of iuſtice, that is, vertue is the ſhooinghorne of doing well, that is, vertue is the ſhooinghorne of doing iuſtly, it behooweth mee and is my part to commend this ſnooinghorne vnto you. I hope this word ſhooinghorne doth not offend any of you my worſhipfull brethren, for you beeing the worſhipfull headſmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth, Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach but alſo to inſtruct, not onely the ignorant, but alſo the ſimple, not onely what is their duty towards their betters, but alſo what is their duty towards their ſuperiours: come let me ſee how you can doe, ſit downe in the chaire.

*Phil.* For aſmuch as there be. &c.

*Kemp.* thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my ſelfe, and ſuch graue Aldermen of the playhouſe as I am.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Bar.* I like your face, and the proportion of your body for  
*Richard* the 3. I pray *M. Phil.* let me ſee you act a little of it,

*Phil.* Now is the winter of our diſcontent,

Made glorious ſummer by the ſonne of *Yorke*,

*Bar.* Very well I aſſure you, well *M. Phil.* and *M. Stud.* wee  
ſee what ability you are of: I pray waike with vs to our fellows,  
and wee agree preſently.

*Phil.* We will follow you ſtraight *M. Barbaſe.*

*Kempe.* Its good manners to follow vs, *Maifter Phil.* and  
*Maifter Ottoſe.*

*Phil.* And muſt the baſeſt trade yeeld vs reliefe?  
Muſt we be practiſ'd to thoſe leaden ſixouts,  
That nought downe vent but what they do receiue?  
Some fatall fire hath ſcorcht our fortunes wing,  
And ſtill we fall, as we do vpward ſpring:  
As we ſtrive vpward to the vaulted ſkie,  
We fall and feele our hatefull deſtiny.

*Stud.* Wonder it is ſweet friend thy pleading breath,  
So like the ſweet blaſt of the ſouthweſt wind,  
Melts not thoſe rockes of yce, thoſe mounts of woe,  
Congeald in frozen hearts of men below.

*Phil.* Wonder as well thou maiſt why mongſt the waues,  
Mongſt the tempeſtuous waues on raging ſea,  
The wayling Marchant can no pittie craue.  
What cares the wind and weather for their paines?  
One ſtrikes the ſayle, another turnes the ſame,  
He ſhakes the maine, an other takes the Ore,  
An other laboureth and taketh paine,  
To pompe the ſea into the ſea againe.  
Still they take paines, ſtill the loud windes do blow:  
Till the ſhips prouder maſt be layd below:

*Stu.* Fond world that nere thinkes on that aged man,  
That *Ariſtoſes* old ſwiſt paced man,  
Whoſe name is *Tyme*, who neuer lins to run,  
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,  
The which in Letbes lake he doth intombe,  
Sawe onely thoſe which ſwanlike ſchollers take,

And

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

And doe deliuer from that greedy lake.  
Inglorious may they liue, inglorious die,  
That ſuffer learning line in miſery.

*Phil.* What caren they, what ſame their aſhes haue,  
When once their coopt vp in ſilent graue?

*Stud.* If for faire ſame they hope not when they dye,  
Yet let them feare graues ſlayning Infamy.

*Phil.* Their ſpendthrift heires will thoſe firebrands quench  
Swaggering full moiſtly on a tauernes bench.

*Stud.* No ſtained fire for all his gloſing heire,  
Muſt long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

*Stud.* Beleeue me thou that art my ſecond ſelfe,  
My vexed ſoule is not diſquieted,  
For that I miſſe, is gaudy painted ſtate,  
Whereat my fortunes fairely almi'd of ſate.  
For what am I, the meanest of many mo,  
That earning proſit are repaide with wo?  
But this it is that doth my ſoule torment,  
To thinke ſo many aſtueable wits,

That might contend with proudeſt birds of *To*,  
Sits now immur'd within their priuate cells,  
Drinking a long lank watching candles ſmoake,  
Soending the marrow of their ſlowring age,  
In fruitleſſe poſing on ſome worme eate leafe:  
When their deſerts ſhall ſeeme of due to claime,  
A cherefull crop of fruitfull ſwelling ſheafe,  
Cockle their harneſt is, and weeds their graine,  
Contempt their portion their poſſeſſion paine:

*Stud.* Schollers muſt frame to liue at a low ſayle,

*Phil.* Ill ſaying where there blowes no happy gale.

*Stud.* Our ſhip is ruin'd, all her tackling rent.

*Phil.* And all her gaudy furniture is ſpent.

*Stud.* Teares be the waues whercon her ruines bide.

*Phil.* And ſighes the windes that waſtes her broken ſide.

*Stud.* Miſchiefe the Pilot is the ſhip to feare.

*Phil.* And Wo the paſſenger this ſhip doth beare.

*Stud.* Come *Phileſſus*, let vs breake this chat,

*Phil.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Phil.* And breake my heart. oh would I could breake that.

*Stud.* Lets learne to aſt that Tragick part we haue.

*Phil.* Would I were ſilent actor in my graue.

*Actus 5. Scena 1.*

*Phil. & Stud. become Fiddlers with their conſort.*

*Phil.* And tune fellow Fiddlers, *Studiſſo* & I are ready. *(they*

*Stud. going aſide ſayeth.*

*time.)*

Fayre fell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be

King of a mole hill, then a Keyſars ſlaue :

Better it is mongſt fiddlers to be chiefe,

Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.

But iſt not ſtrange this mimick apes ſhould prize

Vnhappy *Schollers* at a hireling rate.

Vile world, that liſts them vp to hye degree,

And treads vs downe in groveling miſery.

*England* affordes thoſe glorious vagabonds,

That carried eaſt their fardels on their backs,

Courſers to ride on through the gazing ſtreetes,

Sooping it in their glaring Satten ſutes,

And Pages to attend their maiſterſhips:

With mouthing words that better wits haue framed,

They purchaſe lands, and now *Esquiers* are made.

*Phil.* What ere they ſeeme being euen at the beſt,

They are but ſporting fortunes ſcornfull ieſts.

*Stud.* So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take,

Some ragged grome, and him ſome gallant make.

*Phil.* The world and fortune hath playd on vs too long.

*Stud.* Now to the world we fiddle muſt a ſong.

*Phil.* Our life is a playne ſong with cunning pend,

Whoſe higheſt pitch in loweſt baſe doth end.

But ſee our fellowes vnto play are bent:

If not our mindes, letts tune our inſtrument.

*Stud.* Letts in a priuate ſong our cunning try,

Before we ſing to ſtranger company.

*Phil.*

*The retorne from Pernaſſus.*

*Phil. ſings. They tune.*

**H**ow can he ſing whole voyce is hoarſe with care?  
How can he play whole heart ſtrings broken are?  
How can he keepe his reſt that nere found reſt?  
How can he keepe his time whome time nere bleſt?  
Onely he can in ſorrow beare a parte,  
With vntaught hand, and with vntuned hart.  
Fond arts ſarewell, that ſwallowed haue my youth.  
Adieu wayne muſes, that haue wrought my ruth.  
Repent fond ſyre that traynd'ſt thy happleſſe ſonne,  
In learnings loare, ſince bounteous almes are done.  
Ceale, ceale harſh tongue, vntuned muſicke reſts  
Intombe thy ſorrowes in thy hollow breſt.

*Stand.* Thankes *Phil.* for thy pleaſant ſong,  
Oh had this world a tutch of iuſter grieve,  
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our releife.

*Phil.* The cold of wo hath quite vntun'd my voyce,  
And made it too too harſh for liſtning eare:  
Time was in time of my young fortunes ſpring,  
I was a gameſome boy and learned to ſing.

But ſay fellow muſitians, you know beſt whether we go, at  
what dore muſt we imperiouſly beg.

*Jack, ſid.* Here dwells Sir *Raderick* and his ſonne: it may be  
now at this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall, let vs  
ſtand neere and drawe.

*Phil.* Draw calleſt thou it, indeed it is the moſt deſperate  
kinde of ſervice that euer I aduentured on.

*Act. 5. Scena 2.*

*Enter the two Pages.*

*Sir Radpa.* My maiſter bids me tell you that he is but newly  
fallen a ſleepe, and you baſe ſlaues muſt come and diſquiet  
him: what never a basket of Capons? maſſe, and if he comes,  
heele commit you all.

*Amor. Pag.* Sirra *Jack*, ſhall you and I play Sir *Raderick*  
and *Amoretta*, and reward theſe fiddlers. Ile, my maiſter *Amo-*  
*retto*, and giue them as much as he uſeth,

*H*

*Sir*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*S. Rad. pag.* And I my old maister Sir Raderick: fiddlers play: He reward you, sayth I will.

*Amor pag.* Good sayth this pleaseth my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twytty twarty foole, or to be at her, to be at her.

*Rad. pag.* Haue you neuer a song of maister Dowlands making?

*Am. pag.* Or *Has ego versiculos feci &c.* A pox on it, my maister *Am.* vseth it very often. I haue forgotten the verse.

*Rad. pag.* Sir Theon: here are a couple of fellows brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause, looke in my Christmas booke who brought me a present

*Am. pag.* On New-yeares day goodman Foole brought you a present, but goodman Clowne brought you none.

*Rad. pag.* Then the right is on goodman foolles side.

*Am. pag.* My mistres is so sweete, that al the Phisitions in the towne cannot make her flinck, she neuer goes to the stoole, oh she is a most sweete little monkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some would speake with you.

*Rad. pag.* What haue they brought me any thing, if they haue not, say I take Phisick.

Forasmuch fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs loue all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch, marry now finding your fiddles to iarre, and knowing that iarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am by the vertue of my office and place to cominit your quarelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. *They call within.*

Shia ho, Richard, Iack.

*Am. Page.* The foole within marres our play without. Fiddlers set it on my head, I vse to fize my musicke, or go on the score for it, He pay it at the quarters end.

*Rad. Page.* Farewell good Pan, sweete Irenius adieu, Don Orpheus a thousand times farewell.

*Iack Fid.* You swore you would pay vs for our musick.

*Rad. Page.* For that He giue Maister Recorders law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath: a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I swore formally: farewell Fiddlers.

*Phil.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Phil.* Farewell good wags, whose wits praise worth I deeme,  
Though somewhat waggish, so we all have beene.

*Stud.* Faith fellow Fidlers, heres no siluer found in this place,  
no not so much as the vsuall Christmas entertainment of Musicians, a black Iack of Beere, and a Christmas Pye.

*They walke aside from their fellowes.*

*Phil.* Where ere we in the wide world playing be,  
Misfortune beares a part, and marres our melody,  
Impossible to please with Musickes straine,  
Our hearts strings brokē, are nere to be tun'd agaïne.

*Stud.* Then let vs leaue this baser siddling trade,  
For though our purse should mend, our credit fades.

*Phil.* Full glad I am to see thy mindes free course,  
Declining from this trencher waiting trade,  
Well may I now disclose in plainer guise,  
What earst I meant to worke in secret wise:  
My busie conscience checkt my guilty soule,  
For seeking maintenance by base vassallage,  
And then suggested to my searching thought,  
A shepheards poore secure contented life,  
On which since then I doted every houre,  
And meant this same houre in sadder plight,  
To haue stolne from thee in secrecie of night.

*Studi.* Deare friend thou seem'st to wrong my soule too  
Thinking that *Studiſo* would account, (much,  
That fortune sowre, which thou accomptest sweete:  
Nor any life to me can sweeter be,  
Then happy swaines in plaine of *Arcady*.

*Phil.* Why then lets both go spend our litle store,  
In the prouision of due furniture:  
A shepards hooke, a tarbox and a scrippe,  
And hast vnto those sheepe adorned hills,  
Where if not blesse our fortunes we may blesse our

*Stud.* True mirth we may enioy in thacked stall, (wills,)  
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

*Phil.* Weele therefore discharge these fidlers. Fellow musitions, wee are fory that it hath beene your ill happe to haue

*The retorne from Pernaſſus.*

had vs in your company, that are nothing but ſcritch-owles, and night Ravens, able to marre the pureſt melody: & beſides, our company is ſo ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing, our reſolution is therefore to wiſh you well, and to bidde you farewell.

Come *Stud*: let vs haſt away,  
Returning neare to this accuſed place.

*Actus 5. Scena. 3.*

*Enter Ingenioſo, & Academico.*

*Inge.* Faith *Academico*, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the ſigne of the ſeargeants head, that makes me to be ſo haſty to be gone: to be briefe *Academico*, writts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs. *Furor* & *Phantaſma* comes after, remoouing the campe as faſt as they can: farewell, *Mea ſi quid vota valebunt.*

*Acad.* Fayth *Ingenioſo*: I thinke the Vniuerſity is a melancholik life, for there a good fellow cannot ſit two howres in his chamber, but he ſhall bee troubled with the bill of a Drawer, or a Vintner: but the point is, I know not how to better my ſelfe, and ſo I am ſayne to take it.

*Act. 5. Scen. 4.*

*Phil. Stud. Furor. Phant.*

*Phil.* Who haue we there, *Ingenioſo*, and *Academico*?

*Stud.* The very ſame, who are thoſe, *Furor* and *Phantaſma*?

*Furor takes a louſe off his ſleeue.*

*Furor.* And art thou there ſix footed *Mercury*?

*Phan. with* Are rymes become ſuch creepers now a dayes?

*his hand* Preſumptuous louſe, that doth good manners lack,

*in his bo-* Daring to creepe vpon Poet *Furors* back:

*ſome.* *Multum refert quibuſcum vixeris.*

*Non videmus Mantica quod in tergo eſt.*

*Phil.* What *Furor* and *Phan.* too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs incounter them all. *Inge. Acad. Furor. Phantaſma.* God ſaue you all.

*Stud.*



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Stnd.* What *Ingen.* & *Acad.* *Furor.* *Phantaſma*: howe do you  
braue lads.

*Ing.* What our deere friends *Phil.* and *Stnd*?

*Acad.* What our old friends *Phil.* and *Stnd*?

*Fur.* What my ſupernaturall friends?

*Ing.* What newes with you in this quarter of the City?

*Phil.* We haue run through many trades, yet thrive by none

Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,

A ſhepherds life thou knowſt I wont to admire,

Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.

To liue in humble dale we now are bent,

Spending our dayes in feareleſſe merriment.

*Stnd.* Weel teach each tree euen of the hardeſt kind,

To keepe our wofull name within their rinde.

Weel watch our flock, and yet weele ſleepe withall,

Weele tune our ſorrowes to the waters fall, (bleiſſe.

The woods and reckes with our ſhrill ſongs weele

Let them proue kind, ſince men proue pittileſſe.

But ſay, whether are you and your company iogging it ſeemes  
by your apparell you are about to wander.

*Ing.* Faith we are fully bent to be Lords of miſrule in the  
worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there  
where the blattant beaſt doth rule and taigne Renting the  
credit of whom it pleaſe.

Where ſerpents tongs the pen men are to write,

Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:

There ſhall engoared venom be my inke,

My pen a ſharper quill of porcupine,

My ſtayned paper, this ſin loaden earth:

There will I write in lines ſhall neuer die,

Our feared Lordings crying villany.

*Phil.* A gentle wit thou haſt, nor is it blame,

To turne ſo taſt, for time hath wrongd the ſame,

*Stnd.* And well thou doſt from this fond earth to flit,

Where moſt men pens are hired Paraſites.

*Acad.* Go happily, I wiſh thee ſtore of gall,

Sharpely to wound the guilty world withall:

*The returne from Parnassus.*

*Phil.* But say, what shall become of *Furor* and *Phantasma*?

*Ing.* These my companions still with me must wend,

*Aca.* Fury and Fantasie on good wits attend.

*Fur.* When I arriue within the ile of Doggs,  
Don Phoebeus I will make thee kisse the pumpe,  
Thy one eye pries in euery Drapers stall,  
Yet neuer thinkes on poet *Furors* neede:  
*Furor* is lowlie, great *Furor* lowlie is,  
He make thee run this lowlie case I wis.  
And thou my cluttish landresse Cinthia,  
Nere thinkes on *Furors* linnen, *Furors* shirt:  
Thou and thy squirting boy *Endimion*,  
Lies slaueing still vpon a lawlesse couch.  
*Furor* will haue thee carted through the dirt,  
That makest great poet *Furor* want his shirt.

*Ing.* Is not here a trus dogge that dare barke so boldly at  
the Mooone.

*Phil.* Exclayming want and needy care and carke,  
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.

*Phan.* *Canes timidi vehementius latrant.* There are certaine  
burrs in the Ile of doggs called in our English tongue, men of  
worship, certaine briars as the *Indians* call them, as we say cer-  
tayne lawyers, certayne great lumps of earth, as the *Arbians*  
call them, certayne grosiers as wee tearme them, *quos ego sed  
motos praestas componere fluctus.*

*Ing.* We three vnto the snarling Iland hast,  
And there our vexed breath in snarling wast.

*Phil.* We will be gone vnto the downes of Kent,  
Sure footing we shall find in humble dale:  
Our fleecy flocke weel learne to watch and warde,  
In Iulyes heate and cold of Ianuary:  
Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,  
Whiles bleating flock vpon their supper feede:

*Stud.* So shall we shun the company of men,  
That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,  
Weel teach the murmuring brookes in tears to flow:  
And sleepey rocke to wayle our passed wo.

*Aca.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Acad.* Adew you gentle ſpirits, long adew:  
Your witts I loue and your ill fortunes rue:  
He haſt me to my Cambridge cell againe,  
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

*Inge.* Adew good ſheppards, happy may you liue,  
And if heereafter in ſome ſecret ſhade,  
You ſhall recount poore ſchollers miſeries,  
Vouchſafe to mention with teares ſwelling eyes,  
*Ingenioſes* thwarting deſtinyes,  
And thou ſtill happy *Academico*,  
That ſtill maiſt reſt vpon the muſes bed,  
Inioying there a quiet ſlumbering,  
When thou repayreſt vnto thy Grantaes ſtreame,  
Wonder at thine owne bliſſe, pittie our caſe,  
That ſtill doth tread ill fortunes endleſſe maze,  
Wiſh them that are preſerments Almoners,  
To cheriſh gentle witts in their greene bud:  
For had not Cambridge bin to me vnkinde,  
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.

*Phil.* I wiſh thee of good hap a plentious ſtore,  
Thy wit deſerues no leſſe, my loue can wiſh no more.  
Farewell, farewell good *Academico*.  
Neuer maiſt thou taſt of our forepaſſed woe.  
Wee wiſh thy fortunes may attaine their due:  
*Furor* and you *Phantaſma* both adue.

*Acad.* Farewell, farewell, farewell, o long farewell,  
The reſt my tongue conceales, let ſorrow tell.

*Phan.* *Et longum vale, inquit Iſa.*

*Furor.* Farewel my maſters, *Furor's* a maſty dogge,  
Nor can with a ſmooth glozing farewell cog.  
Nought can great *Furor* do, but barke and howle,  
And ſnarle, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,  
Like a great ſwine by his long leane eard lugges.  
Farewell muſty, duſty, ruſty, luſty London,  
Thou art not worthy of great *Furor's* wit,  
That cheateſt vertue of her due deſert,  
And ſufferreſt great *Apolloes* ſonne to want.

*Inge.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Inge.* Nay ſtay a while and helpe me to content:  
So many gentle witts attention,  
Who kennes the lawes of every comick ſtage;  
And wonders that our ſcene ends diſcontent.  
Ye ayrie witts ſubtil,  
Since that few ſchollers fortunes are content.  
Wonder not if our ſcene end diſcontent.  
When that our fortunes reach their due content,  
Then ſhall our ſcene end here in merriment.

*Phil.* Perhaps ſome happy wit with feeling hand,  
Hereafter may record the paſtorall  
Of the two ſchollers of Pernaſſus hill,

And then our ſcene may end and haue content,  
*Inge.* Meane time if there be any ſpightfull Ghoſt,  
That ſmiles to ſee poore ſchollers miſeries  
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,  
We ſcorne his cenſure, he is a iecring gull;  
But whatſoere refined ſprights there be,  
That deeply groane at our calamity:  
Whoſe breath is turned to ſighes, whoſe eyes are wet,  
To ſee bright arts bent to their lateſt ſet:  
Whence neuer they againe their heads ſhall reere,  
To bleſſe our art diſgracing hemiſphere.

*Inge.* Let them,

*Furor* Let them.

*Phan.* Let them.

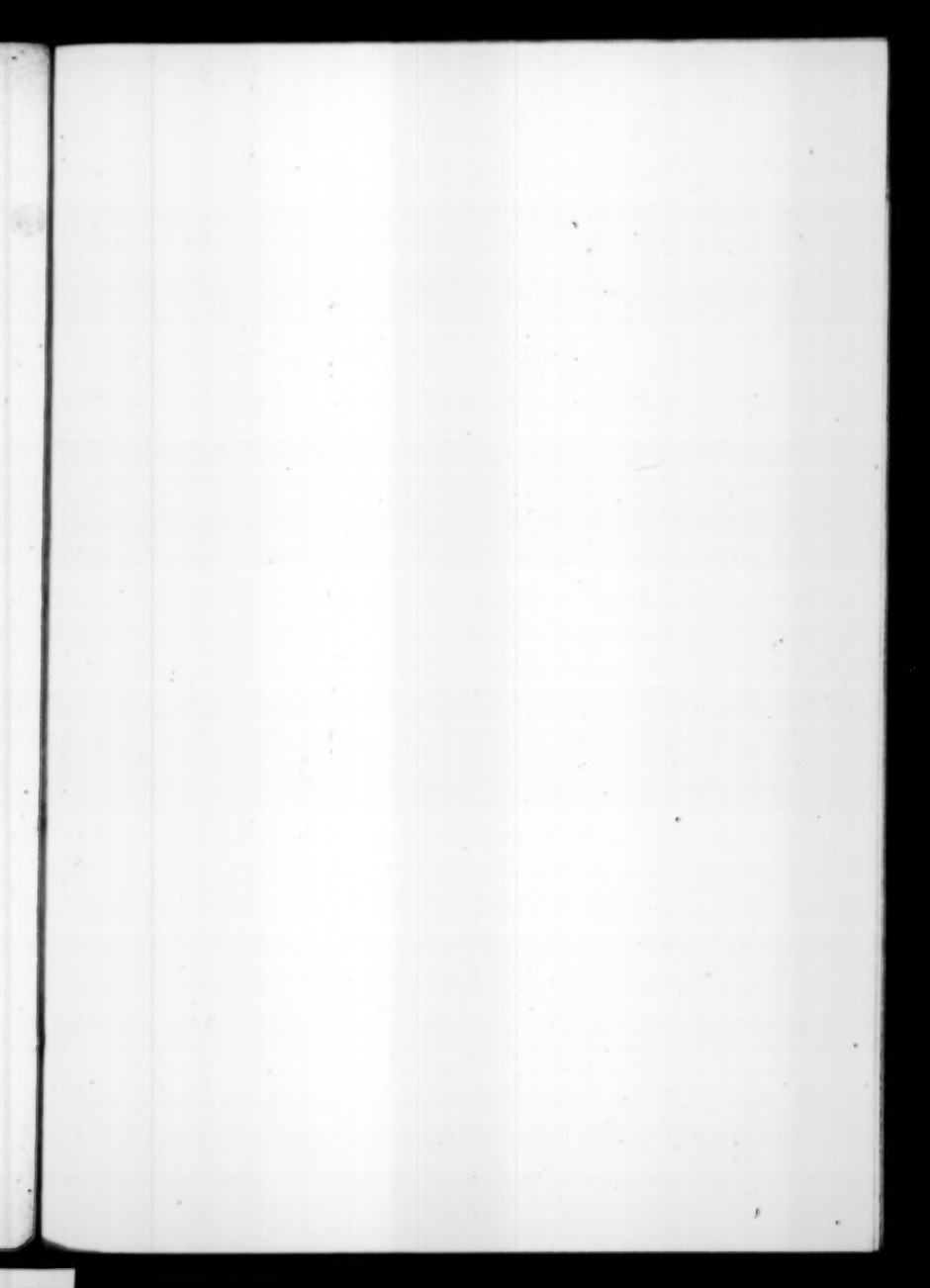
*Acad.* And none but them.

*Phil.* And none but them.

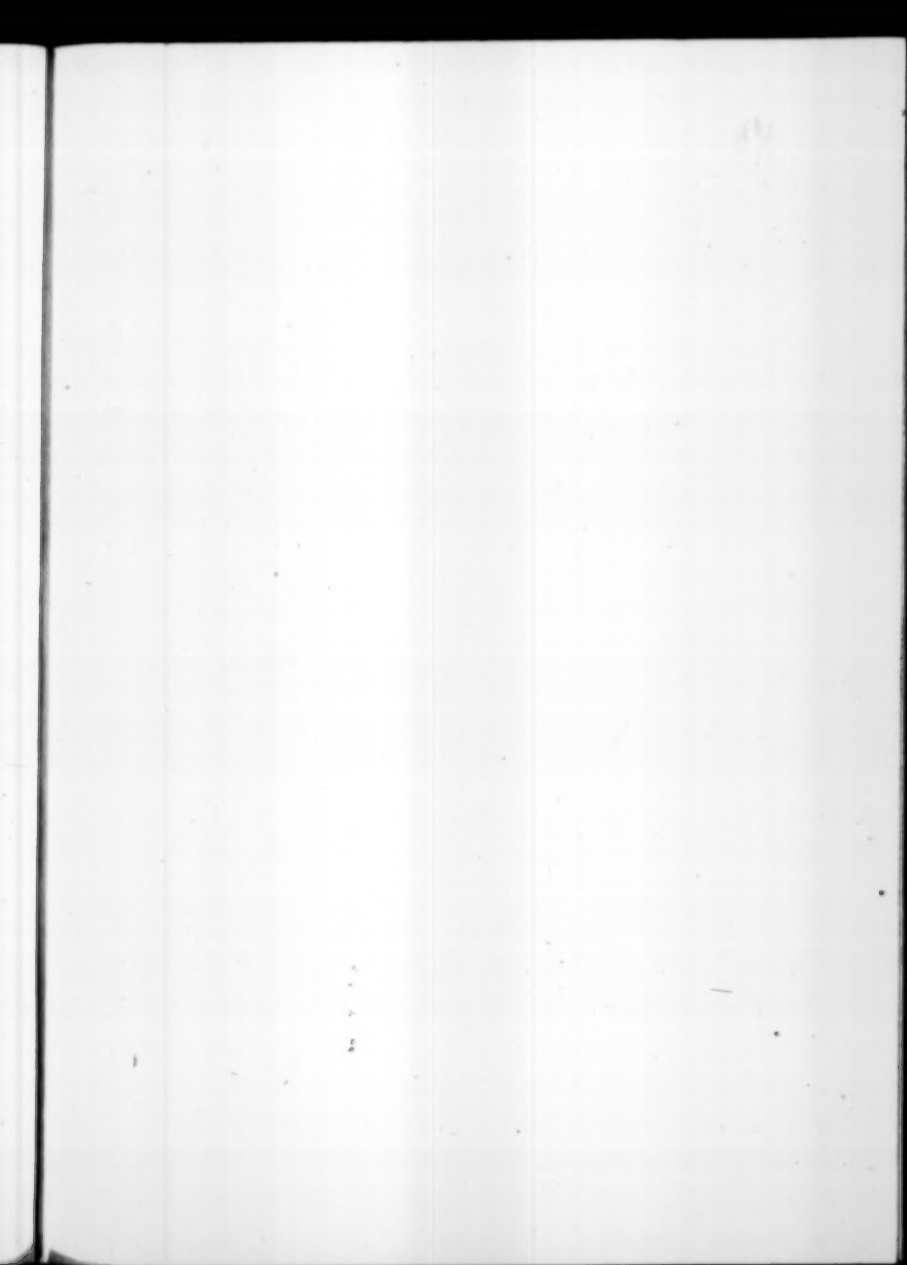
*Stud.* And none but them.

§ All giue vs a  
Zplaudite.

FINIS.











# RETURN FROM PERNASSVS:

OR

The Scourge of Simony.

*Publicly acted by the Students*

*of Saint John's College*

*Cambridge*



AT LONDON

Printed by G. G. & Co. at the University Press,  
and  
sold by all the Booksellers  
in Great Britain.



PRESENTED

BY

*J. L. Foster, Esq. & Co.*

1875

57... 491



# The Prologue.

*Boy, Stagekeeper, Momus, Defensor.*

*Boy.*

**S**pectators we will act a Comedy (*non plus*,  
*Stage.* A pox on't this booke hath it not in it, you would be  
whipt, thou rascal: thou must be sitting vp all night at  
cardes, when thou should be cennng thy part.

*Boy.* Its all long on you, I could not get my part a night or  
two before that I might sleepe on it.

*Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away under his arme.*

*Mo.* It's even well done, here is such a stirre about a scurvy  
English show.

*Defen.* Scurvy in thy face, thou scurvy iack, if this company  
were not, you paultry. Crittick Gentleman, you that knowe  
what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that haue beene  
student at post and paire, saint and Loadam. You that haue  
spent all your quarters reueneues in riding post one night in  
Christmas. beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

*Mo.* Gentlemen you that can play at noddie, or rather play  
vpon nodies: you that can set vp a iest, at primero instead of a  
rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voy-  
der.

*Defen.* What we present I must needs confesse is but flub-  
bered inuention: if your wisedome obscure the circumstance,  
your kinde nesse will pardon the substance.

*Mo.* What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath  
laine this twelue moneth in the bottome of a coale-house a-  
mongst broomes and old shooes, an inuention that we are a-  
shamed of, and therefore we haue promised the Copies to the  
Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

*Defen.* It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your cur-  
ties to let it passe,

The Prologue.

*Mom.* Its a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceit as slauging hotcockles, or blind-man buffe.

*Defen.* Some humors you shall see aymed at, if not well resembled.

*Mom.* Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to stand hammering vpon two *indivinduum vngum* 2. schollers some whole yeare. These same *Phil.* and *Sindis*: haue bin followed with a whip, and a veile like a Couple of Vagabonds through *England* and *Italy*. The Pilgrimage to *Pernassus*, and the returne from *Pernassus* haue stood the honest *Stagekeepers* in many a Crownes expence: for linckes and vizards purchased a Sophister a knock: which a clubbe hindred the butlers box, and emptied the Colledge barrells, and now vnlesse you know the subiect well you may returne home as wise as you came, for this last is the least part of the returne from *Pernassus*, that is both the first and the last time that the authors wit will turne vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the scene is not at *Pernassus*, that is lookes not good inuention in the face.

*Defen.* If the Catastrophe please you not, impute it to the vnpleasing fortunes of discontented schollers.

*Mom.* For Catastrophe theres neuer a tale in sir *Iohn Mandenill*, or *Benis of Southampton* but hath a better turning.

*Stagekeeper.* What you icering asle, be gon with a pox.

*Mom.* You may do better to busie your selfe in providing beere, for the shew will be pittifull dry, pittifull dry.

*Exit.*

*No more of this, I heard the spectators aske for a blanke verse.*

What we shew, is but a Christmas iest,  
Conceiue of this and guesse of all the rest:  
Full like a schollers haplesse fortunes pen'd,  
Whose former griefes seldome haue happy end,  
Frame aswell, we might with easie straine,  
With far more praise, and with as little paine.  
Stories of loue, where some the wondring bench,  
The lisping gallant might inioy his wench.

The Prologtie.

Or make some Sire acknowledge his lost sonne,  
Found when the weary act is almost done.  
Nor vnto this, nor ~~vnto~~ that our scene is bent,  
We onely shew a schollers discontent.  
In Schollers fortunes twise forlorne and dead  
Twise hath our weary pen earst laboured.  
Making them Pilgrims in *Pernassus* hill,  
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.  
Now we present vnto each pittying eye,  
The schollers progresse in their misery.  
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,  
Too weake our scene : too great our iudgement is.  
To you wee seeke to shew a schollers state,  
His scorned fortunes, his unpittied fate.  
To you : for if you did not schollers bleffe,  
Their case (poore case) were too too pittilesse,  
You shade the muses vnder fostering,  
And made them leaue to sigh, and learne to sing.



## The names of the Actors.

### *Drametis Persona.*

<i>Ingenioso.</i>	<i>Academico.</i>
<i>Iudicio.</i>	<i>Amoretto.</i>
<i>Danter.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Philomusus.</i>	<i>Signor Immerito.</i>
<i>Studiofo.</i>	<i>Stereutio his father.</i>
<i>Furor Poeticus.</i>	<i>Sir Frederick.</i>
<i>Phantasma.</i>	<i>Recorder.</i>
<i>Patient.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Richardetto.</i>	<i>Prodigo.</i>
<i>Theodore phisition.</i>	<i>Burbage.</i>
<i>Burgesse patient.</i>	<i>Kempe.</i>
<i>Iaques studiofo.</i>	<i>Fidlers.</i>
	<i>Patients man.</i>

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Ingenioso, with Iuuenall in his hand.*

*Ingenioso.*

**D**ifficile est, Satyram non scribere, nam quis inique  
 Tam patiens urbis, tam furens ut teneat se?  
 I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,  
 Not gently laying on, but fetching bloud,  
 So surgean-like thou dost with cutting heale,  
 Where nought but lanching can the wound auale.  
 O suffer me, among so many men,  
 To tread aright the traces of thy pen.  
 And light my linke at thy eternall flame,  
 Till with it I brand euermlasting shame.  
 On the worlds forehead, and with thine owne spirit,  
 Pay home the world according to his merit.  
 Thy purer soule could not endure to see,  
 Euen smallest spots of base impurity:  
 Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands,  
 Then foule faced Vice was in his swadling bands,  
 Now like *Anteus* growne a monster is,  
 A match for none but mighty *Hercules*.  
 Now can the world practise in plainer guise,  
 Both finnes of old and new borne villanies.  
 Stale finnes are stole: now doth the world begin,  
 To take sole pleasure in a witty sinne.  
 Vnpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,  
 At midnight rest, when darknesse covers sinne.  
 It's Clownish vnbecoming a young Knight,  
 Vnlesse it dare out-face the gloring light.  
 Nor can it nought our gallants praises reape,  
 Vnlesse it be done in staring Cheape.  
 In a sinne-guilty Coach not closely pent,  
 Logging along the harder pavement,  
 Did not feare check my repining spirit,  
 Soone should my angry ghost a story write.

In which I would new fostred sinnes combine,  
Not knowne earst by truth telling *Aretine*.

*Scen. 2. Enter Ind. Ingenioso. Indicio.*

*Ind.* What *Ingenioso*, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee, like a great schole-boy giuing the world a bloody nose?

*Ing.* Faith *Indicio*, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great reason I should conferre it vpon the bald pated world: & againe, if my kitchen want the vtensiles of viands, it's great reason other men should haue the sauce of vinegar, and for the bloody nose, *Indicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloody nose, but it shall hardly giue me a crakt crowne, though it giues other Poets French crownes.

*Ind.* I would with thee *Ingenioso*, to sheath thy pen, for thou canst not be successfull in the fray, considering thy enemies haue the aduantage of the ground.

*Ing.* Or rather *Indicio* they haue the grounds with aduantage, and the French crownes with a pox, and I would they had them with a plague too: but hang them swadds, the basest corner in my thoughts is too gallant a roome to lodge them in, but say *Indicio*, what newes in your presse, did you keepe any late corrections vpon any tardy pamphlets?

*Ind. Veterem iubes renouare dolorem Ing.* what ere befalls thee, keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the presse.

*Ing.* Mary so I will, I warran thee, if pouerty presse not too much, Ile correct no presse but the presse of the people.

*Ind.* Would it not grieue any good spirits to sit a whole moneth nitting out a lousie beggarly Pamphlet, and like a needy Phisitian to stand whole yeares, tossing and tumbling, the filth that falleth from so many draughty inuentions as daily swarme in our Printing house?

*Ing.* Come (I thinke) we shall haue you put finger in the eye and cry, O friends, no friends, say man, what new paper hobby horses, what rattle babies are come out in your late May morrice daunce?

*Ind.* Flye my rimes, as thick as flies in the sunne, I thinke there



*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

there be neuer an Ale-houſe in Englad, not any ſo baſe a May-pole on a country greene, but ſets forth ſome poets petternels or demilances to the paper warres in Pauls Church-yard.

*Ing.* And well too may the iſſue of a ſtrong hop learne to hop all ouer England, when as better wittes ſit like lame coblers in their ſtudies. Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when as ſad vineger wittes ſit ſouring at the bottome of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyſt pot, that ſoure vp into the open ayre, when as ſounder wit keepes belowe.

*Ind.* Conſidering the turies of the times, I could better endure to ſee thoſe young Can quaffing huckſters ſhoot of their pellets ſo they would keepe them from theſe Engliſh *flares-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that paſſe, that there ſtarts vp euery day an old goole that ſits hatching vp thoſe eggs which haue ben filcht from the neſt of Crowes and Keſtrells: here is a booke *Ing.* why to condemne it to cleare the vſuall Tiburne of all miſliuing papers, were too faire a death for ſo foule an of-

*Ing.* What's the name of it, I pray thee *Ind?* (tender.

*Ind.* Looke, its here *Belvedere.*

*Ing.* What a Bel-wether in Pauls Church-yard, ſo cald be-  
cauſe it keeps a bleating, or becauſe it hath the tinckling bel of  
ſo many Poets about the neck of it, what is the reſt of the title.

*Ind.* The garden of the Muſes.

*Ing.* What haue we here: the Poet garish gayly bedeked like  
fore horſes of the pariſh? what followes.

*Ind.* *Quem referent muſa, vinct dum robora tellus,*

*Dum calum ſtellas, dum vobis amnis aquas.*

Who blurres faire paper, with foule baſtard times,

Shall liue full many an age in latter times:

Who makes a ballet for an ale-houſe doore,

Shall liue in future times for euer more.

Then ( ) thy muſe ſhall liue ſo long,

As draſty ballats to thy praiſe are ſong.

But what's his deuſe, Pernaſſus with the ſunne and the lawrels  
I wonder this Owle dares looke on the ſunne, and I maruaile  
this goſe flies not the laurell: his deuſe might haue bene bet-

*The returne from Parnassus.*

Let a foole going into the market place to be seene, with this motto, *scribimus indocti*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harvest, with this word, *sua cuiq; gloria*.

*Ind.* Turne ouer the leafe *Ing.* and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman, Sentences gathered out of all kinde of Poets, referred to certaine methodicall heads, profitable for the vse of these times, to rime vpon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

*Ing.* So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to censure them.

*Edmund Spencer.*

*Henry Constable.*

*Thomas Lodge.*

*Samuel Daniell.*

*Thomas Watson.*

*Michaell Drayton.*

*John Davis.*

*Iohn Marston.*

*Kit: Marlowe.*

Good men and true; stand together: heare your censure, what's thy iudgment of *Spencer*?

*Ing.* A swifter Swan then euer song in Poe,  
A shriller Nightingale then euer blest,  
The prouder growes of selfe admiring Rome.  
Blich was each vally, and each shepheard proud,  
While he did chaunt his rurall minstrelsie,  
Attentive was full many a dainty eare.  
Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong;  
While sweetly of his Faery Queene he song,  
While to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,  
And in each barke engrau'd *Elizae's* name:  
And yet for all this, viregarding soile,  
Vnlac't the line of his desired life,  
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe.  
Carelesse care to preuent his exequy,  
Scarce deigning to shut vp his dying eye.

*Ing.* Pitty it is that gentler wits should breed,  
Where thick-skin chuffes laugh at a schollers need.  
But softly may our honours ashes rest,  
That lie by mery *Chancers* noble chest.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure, that I may be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my censure may

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

may iumpe with thine. *Henry Conſtable, S. D. Thomas Lodge, Thomas Waiſon.*

*Ind.* Sweete *Conſtable* doth take the wondring care,  
And layes it vp in willing priſonment :  
Sweete hony dropping *D:* doth wage  
Warre with the proudeſt big Italian,  
That melts his heart in ſugred Sonnetting,  
Onely let him more ſparingly make uſe,  
Of others wit, and uſe his owne the more :  
That well may ſcorne baſe imitation.  
For *Lodge* and *Waiſon*, men of ſome deſert,  
Yet ſubiect to a Critticks marginall.  
*Lodge* for his oare in euery paper boate,  
He that turnes ouer *Galen* euery day,  
To fit and ſimper *Enphues* legacie.

*Ing.* *Michael Drayton.*

*Draytons* ſweete muſe is like a ſanguine dye,  
Able to rauish the raſh gazers eye.

*Ing.* How euer he wants one true note of a Poet of our times,  
and that is this, hee cannot ſwagger it well in a *Tauerne*, nor  
dominere in a hot-houſe.

*Ind.* *John Davis.*

Acute *John Davis*, I affect thy rymes,  
That ierck in hidden charmes theſe looſer times :  
Thy plainer verſe, thy vnaffected vaine,  
Is grac'd with a faire and a ſooping traine.

*Ing.* *Locke and Hudſon.*

*Ind.* *Locke* and *Hudſon*, ſleepe you quiet ſtawers, among the  
ſhawings of the preſſe, and let your bookes lye in ſome old  
nookes amongſt old bootes and ſhooes, ſo you may auoide  
my cenſure.

*Ing.* Why then clap a lock on their feſte, and turne them  
to commons.

*John Marſton.*

*Ind.* What *Monſier Kinſayder*, liſting vp your legge and  
piſſing againſt the world, put vp man, put vp for ſhame.

Me t' hinks he is a Ruffin in his ſtile,

Withouten bands or garters ornament,

He quaffes a cup of Frenchmans Helicon.  
Then royster doyster in his oylie tearmes,  
Cuts thrusts, and foynes at whomefoeuer he meets,  
And strowes about Ram-ally meditations.  
Tut what cares he for modest close coucht termes,  
Clearly to gird our looser libertines.  
Giue him plaine naked words stript from their shirts  
That might beseeke plaine dealing *Arctine*.  
I there is one that backes a paper steed  
And manageth a penknife gallantly.  
Strikes his poinado at a buttons breadth,  
Brings the great battering ram of tearmes to townes  
And at first volly of his Caunon shot,  
Batters the walles of the old fusty world.

*Ing. Christopher Marlowe.*

*Ind. Marlowe was happy in his buskinne mize,  
Alas vnhappy in his life and end,  
Pitty it is, that wit so ill should dwell  
Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.*

*Ing. Our Theater hath lost, Plats hath got,  
A Tragick penman for a driery plot.*

*B. I.*

*Ind. The wittiest fellow of a brick-layer in England.*

*Ing. A meere Emphyrick, one that gets what he hath by obseruation, and makes only nature priuy to what he indites So slow an inuenter, that he were better betake himselfe to his old trade of bricklaying, a bold whorson, as confident now in making a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a bricke.*

*William Shakspeare.*

*Ind. Who loues *Adonis* loue, or *Lucre*'s rape,  
His sweeter verse containes hart robbing life,  
Could but a grauer subiect him content,  
Without loues foolish languishment.*

*Ing. Churchyard.*

*Hath not *Shew*'s wife although a lighe skints she,  
Given him a chaste long lasting membyre*

*Ind. No, all light pamphlets once I finden shall,*

A Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

*Ing.* Thomas Nashdo.

I, here is a fellow *Iudicio* that carried the deadly stocke in his pen, whose muse was armed with a gag tooth, and his pen possessed with *Hercules* furies.

*Iud.* Let all his faults sleepe with his mournfull chest,  
And then for euer with his ashes rest,

His stile was witty, though he had some gall,

Something he might haue mended, so may all.

Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,

Few men haue euer seenne the like of it.

*Ing.* Reader the rest.

*Iud.* As for these, they haue some of them bin the old hedge-stakes of the presse, and some of them are at this instant the bots and glanders of the printing house. Fellowes that stande only vpon tearmes to serue the turne, with their blotted papers, write as men go to stooke, for needles, & when they write, they write as a Beare pisses, now and then drop a pamphlet.

*Ing.* *Durum telum necessitas*, Good sayth they do as I do, exchange words for money, I haue some trafficked this day with *Danter*, about a litle booke which I haue made, the name of it is a Catalogue of *Cambridge* Cuckolds, but this *Belvedere*, this methodicall asse, hath made me almost forget my time: Ile now to *Pauls Churchyard*, meete me an houre hence, at the signe of the *Pegasus* in cheap-side, and ile moyll thy temples with a cup of *Claret*, as hard as the world goes. *Exit. Iudicio.*

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

*Enter Danter the Printer.*

*Ing.* *Danter* thou art deceived, wit is dearer then thou takest it to bee, I tell thee this libell of *Cambridge* has much fat and pepper in the nose: it will sell sheerly vnderhand, when all these bookes of Exhortations and Catechismes, lie moulding on thy shopboard.

*Dan.* It's true, but good faith *Mr. Ingenioso*, I lost by your last booke: and you knowe there is many one that paied mee largely for the printing of their inuentions, but for all this you

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

ſhall haue 40. ſhillings and an odde pottle of wine.

*Inge.* 40. ſhillings? a ſit reward for one of youe reumaticke Poets, that beſtauers all the paper he comes by, and furniſhes the Chandlers with waſt papers to wrap candles in: but as for me, ile be paid deare euen for the dregges of my wit: little knowes the world what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinckes, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty & coſtly creature, and therefore I muſt be paid ſweetly: furniſh me with money, that I may put my ſelfe in a new ſute of clothes, and ile ſute thy ſhop with a new ſute of tearmes: it's the gallanteſt child my inuention was euer deliuered off. The title is, a Chronicle of Cambrige cuckolds: here a man may ſee, what day of the moneth ſuch a mans commons were incloſed, and when throwne open, and when any entailed ſome odde crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies vnlawfully begotten: ſpeake quickly els I am gone.

*Dan.* Oh this will ſell gallantly: ile haue it whatſoeuer it coſt, will you walk on *M. Ingenioſo*, wee'll ſit ouer a cup of wine and agree on it.

*Inge.* A cup of wine is as good a Conſtable as can be, to take vp the quarrell betwixt vs.

*Exeunt.*

*ACT. I. Scen. 4.*

*Philomenuſ in a Phiſitions habite: Studioſo that is Iaques man, And patient.*

*Phil.* *Tis tis tis, non paynte, non debet fieri phlebotomia in co-ſtituione:* here is a Recipe.

*Pat.* A Recipe.

*Phil.* *Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem ſyllabarum:* Let me heare how many ſtooles you doe make. Adieu Mounſieur adieu good Mounſieur, what *Iaques lla* a perſonne apres icy.

*Stud. Non.*

*Phil.* Then let vs ſteale time for this borrowed ſhape, Recounting our vnequall haps of late.

Late did the Ocean graſpe vs in his armes,

Late did we liue within a ſtranger ayre:

*Late*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

Late did we ſee the cinders of great Rome.  
We thought that Engliſh fugiues there eate  
Gold, for reſtoratiue, if gold were meate,  
Yet now we find by bought experience,  
That where ſo ere we wander vp and downe,  
On the round ſhoulders of this maſſy world,  
Or our ill fortunes, or the worlds ill eye,  
Forſpeake our good, procures our miſery.

*Stud.* So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,  
Hath beate the flowers that in our garden grewe:  
Throwne downe the ſtalles of our aſpiring youth,  
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rind,  
That now we ſeeme nought but two bared boughes,  
Scorned by the baſeſt bird that chirps in groaue,  
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted are to giue,  
A Cardinall cap, to diſcontented clarkes,  
That haue forſooke the home-bred thanked roofes,  
Yeldded vs any equall maintenance:  
And, t's as good to ſtarue mongſt Engliſh ſwine,  
As in a forraine land to beg and pine:

*Phil.* Ile ſcorne the world that ſcorneth me againe.

*Stud.* Ile vex the world that workes me ſo much paine.

*Phil.* Fly lame reuengings power, the world well weenes.

*Stud.* Flyes haue their ſpleene, each ſilly ant his teenes.

*Phil.* We haue the words they the poſſeſſion haue.

*Stud.* We all are equall in our lateſt graue.

*Phil.* Soone then: O ſoone may we both graued be.

*Stud.* Who wiſhes death, doth wrong wiſe deſtiny.

*Phil.* It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.

*Stud.* It's ſinne for doomed day to wiſh thy death.

*Phil.* Too late our ſoules ſlit to their reſting place.

*Stud.* Why mans whole life is but a breathing ſpace.

*Phil.* A painefull minute ſeemes a tedious yeare.

*Stud.* A conſtant minde eternall woes will beare.

*Phil.* When ſhall our ſoules their wearied lodge forgoe

*Stud.* When we haue tyred miſery and woe.

*Phil.* Soone may then tates this gale deliuer ſend vs.

*Small*

*The returne from Pernassus.*

Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end vs.

But letts leaue this capping of rimes *Studioſo*, and follow our late deuſe, that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes our bellies in prouender, and our backs in ſadle and bridle: hetherto wee haue ſought all the honeſt meanes wee could to liue, & now let vs date, *aliquid breuius gratis* and *carcere dignum*: let vs run through all the lewd formes of lime-twig purloyning villanies: let vs proue Cony-catchers, Baudes, or any thing, ſo we may rub out, and firſt my plot for playing the French Doctor that ſhall hold: our lodging ſtands here filthy in ſhoole lane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may ſhortly throw an old ſhoole after vs, and with thoſe ſhreds of French, that we gathered vp in our hoſtes houſe in *Paris*, wee le gull the world, that hath in eſtimation forraine Phiſitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of thoſe Stigmatick maiſters of arte, that abuſed vs in times paſt, leaue their owne Phiſitians, and become our patients, wee alter quite the ſtile of them, for they ſhall neuer hereafter write, your Lordſhips moſt bounden: but your Lordſhips moſt laxatiue.

*Stud.* It ſhall be ſo, ſee what a little vermine powerty altereth a whole milkie diſpoſition.

*Phil.* So then my ſelfe ſtreight with reuenge Ile ſcate.

*Stud.* Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

*Actus 1. Scena 5.*

*Enter Richardetto, Iaquet, Scholler learning French.*

*Iaq.* How now my little knaue, *quelle nouvelle mouſſier.*

*Richar.* Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vri-  
nal in his hand, would faine ſpeake with maſter *Theodore*.

*Iaq.* *Parle Francoys mon petit garſonn.*

*Richard.* *Hy a un homme auſ le bonnet de  
et un vrinell in la main, que vent parler.*

*Iaq.* *For bien.*

*Theod.* *Iaquet a bonui. Excunt.*

*La teſte  
Theodore.*

*Actus*



*The returne from Parnassus.*

Actus 1. Scen. 6.

*Furor poeticus: and presently after enters Phantasma.*

*Furor poeticus rapt within contemplation.*

Why how now *Pedant Phæbus*, are you smouching *Thalia* on her tender lips? There hoie: *pefant avant*: come Pretty short-nosd nimph: oh sweet *Thalia*, I do kisse thy foote. What *Cleio*? O sweet *Cleio*, nay pray thee do not weepe *Melpomene*. What *Vrania*, *Polimnia*, and *Calliope*, let me doe reuerence to your deities.

*Phantasma puls him*

*Fur.* I am your holy swaine, that night and day, *by the*  
Sit for your sakes rubbing my wrinkled browe, *scene.*

Studying a moneth for one Epithete.

Nay siluer *Cynthia*, do not trouble me:

Straight will I thy *Endimions* storie write,

To which thou hasteest me on day and night.

You light skirt starres, this is your wonted guise,

By glomy light perke out your doubtfull heads:

But when *Don Phæbus* shoves his flashing snout,

You are skie puppies, straight your light is out.

*Phan.* So ho, *Furor*.

Nay prethee good *Furor* in sober sadnesse.

*Furor.* *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.*

*Phan.* Nay sweet *Furor*, ipse te *Tyture* pinus,

*Furor.* *Ipsite fontes, ipsa hæc arbusa vocarunt.*

Who's that runs headlong on my quills sharpe point.

That wearied of his life and baser breath,

Offers himselfe to an Iambicke verse,

*Phant.* *Si quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina mittat*

*Iupiter, exiguò tempore inermis erit.*

*Fur.* What slimie bold presumptuous groome is he,

Dares with his rude audacious hardy chat,

Thus seuer me from skibbered contemplation?

*Phant.* *Carmina vel calo possunt deducere lunam.*

*Furor.* Oh *Phantasma*: what my indiuiduall mate?

O mihi post nullos *Furor* memorande sodales.

*Furor.* Say whence comcest thou? sent from what deytie?

From great *Apollo*, or slie *Mercurie*?

C

*Phan.*

7 hee eturne from Pernaſſus.

Phan. I come from the little Mercury, Ingenioſo. For,  
*Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negauit.*

Furor. Ingenioſo?

He is a pretty inuenter of ſlight proſe:  
But there's no ſpirit in his groaueling ſpeech,  
Hang him whoſe verſe cannot out-belch the wind:  
That cannot beard and braue *Don Eolus*,  
That when the cloud of his inuention breakes,  
Cannot out-cracke the ſcar-crow thunderbolt.

Phan. Hang him, I ſay, *Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pependi*. Will it pleaſe you maifter Furor, to walke with me. I promiſed to bring you to a drinking Inne in Cheapſide, at the ſigne of the Nagges head, For,

*Tempore lenta pati ſrena docentur equi.*

Furor. Paſſe thee before, Ile come incontinent.

Phan. Nay faith maifter Furor, lets go together, *Quoniam Communis utrius ambo.*

Furor. Lets march on vnto the houſe of fame:

There quaffing bowles of *Bacchus* bloud ſul nimbly,  
Endite a Tiptoe, ſtrouting poeſy.

*They offer the way one to the other.*

Phan. *Quo me Bacche rapis in plenum.*  
*Tu maior tibi me eſt equum parere Menalea.*

ACTUS 2. SCENA 3.

Enter Philom. Theod. but put on his Burgeſſe, and his man with his ſtaffe.

Theod. put on his ſpectacles.

Mounſieur here are *atomi Natantes*, which doe make ſhew your worſhip to be as leacherous as a Bull.

Burg. Truly maifter Do. For we are all men.

Theod. This vater is intention of heate, are you not perturbed with an ake in your face, or in your occipit. I meane your head peece, let me feele the pulſe of your little finger.

Burg. Ile aſſure you M. Theodorus, the pulſe of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue diſturbed my ſelfe by ſtudying the penall ſtatutes.

Theod. Tit, tit, your worſhip takes cares of your ſpeeches.

*O contra*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*O, cœure leues loquuntur, ingentes ſtoupent,* it is an Aphoriſme in Galen,

*Burg.* And what is the expoſition of that?

*Theod.* That your worſhip muſt take a gland, *vt emittatur ſanguis*: the ſigne is for excellent, for excellent.

*Burg.* Good maiſter Doctor uſe mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double conſideration to be had of me: firſt as I am a publike magiſtrate: ſecondly as I am a priuate butcher: and but for the worſhipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now ſtand & line, I would not hazard my worſhipfull apparell, with a ſuppoſitor or a glifter: but for the countenancing of the place, I muſt go oſtner to ſchoole for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magiſtrate, not to go to the ſchoole without a phiſitiō.

*Theo.* *A, vous ettes un gentell homme vraiment,* what ho Iaques, Iaques, *donc vous?* *unfort gentel purgation for monſier Burgeſſe.*

*Iaq.* *Vosſe tres humble ſeruiture a voſtre commandement.*

*Theod.* *Donne vous un gentell purge a Monſier Burgeſſe.* I haue conſidered of the crals, and ſyntoma of your diſeaſe, and here is *unfort gentell purgation per enacuationem extremorum*, as we Phiſitions uſe to parlee.

*Burg.* I hope maiſter Doctor you haue a care of the countries officer, I tell you I durſt not haue truſted my ſelfe with euery phiſition, and yet I am not aſtraide for my ſelfe, but I would not deprive the towne of ſo carefull a magiſtrate.

*Theod.* O monſier, I haue a ſingular care of your valetudo, it is requiſite that the French Phiſitions be learned and carefull, your Engliſh veluet cap is malignant and enuious.

*Burg.* Here is maiſter Doctor ſoure pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you ſhall heare from me good maiſter Doctor, farewell farewell, good maiſter Doctor.

*Theod.* Adieu good Mounſier, adieu good Sir mounſier,

Then burſt with teares vnhappy graduate:

Thy fortunes ſtill wayward and backward bin:

Nor canſt thou thrive by vertue, nor by ſinne.

*Stud.* Oh how it greues my vexed ſoule to ſee,  
Each painted aſſe in chayre of dignitie:

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

And yet we grouell on the ground alone,  
Running through euery trade, yet thrive by none.  
More we muſt act in this liues Tragedy,

*Phi.* Sad is the plot, ſad the Cataſtrophe.

*Stud.* Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedie.

*Phi.* And rented thoughts continuall actors be.

*Stud.* Woe is the ſubiect. *Phil.* earth the loathed ſtage.

Whereon we act this fained perſonage.

Moſſy barbarians the ſpectators be,

That ſit and laugh at our calamity.

*moſt like.*

*(throng,*

*Phil.* Band be thoſe houres when mongſt the learned  
By Gantaes muddy bancke we whilome ſong.

*Stud.* band be that hill which learned wits adore,  
Where earſt we ſpent our ſtock and little ſtores

*Phil.* Band be thoſe muſty mewes, where we haue ſpent,  
Our youthfull dayes in paled languiſhment.

*Stud.* Band be thoſe coſening arts that wrought our woe,  
Making vs wandring Pilgrimes too and fro.

*Phi.* And Pilgrimes muſt wee bee without reliefe,  
And where ſo ere we run there meetes vs grieve.

*Stud.* Where euer we toſſe vpon this crabbed ſtage  
Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.

*Phi.* Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,  
A tyred lackie to our wandring youth.

*Act. 2. Scena. 2.*

*Academico ſolus.*

*Acad.* Faine would I haue a liuing, if I could: how to  
come by it. *Eccho.* Buy it.

*Acad.* Buy if ſond *Eccho:* why thou doſt greatly miſtake it.  
*Eccho.* Stake it.

*Acad.* Stake it, what ſhall I ſtake at this game of Simonye  
*Eccho.* Money.

*Ac.* What is the world a game, are liuings gotten by playing?  
*Eccho.* Paying.

Paying? but ſay what's the neareſt way to come by a liuinge  
*Eccho.* Giuing.

Maſt his worſhips fiſts bee then oyled with Angellſe

*Eccho.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Ecch.* Angells.

Ought his gowty fiſh then fiſt with gold to be greaſed?

*Ecch.* Eaſed.

And is it then ſuch an eaſe for his aſſes backe to carry moneye?

*Ecch.* I.

Will then this golden aſſe beſtowe a viccarige guilded?

*Ecch.* Gelded.

What ſhall I ſay to good ſir *Roderick* that haue no gold here?

*Eccho.* Cold cheare.

He make it my lone requeſt, that he wold be good to a ſcholler

*Eccho.* Choller.

Yea will he be cholericke, to heare of an art or a ſcience?

*Eccho.* Hence.

Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?

*Eccho.* Sell.

Sell it? and muſt a ſimple clarke be ſaine to compound then?

*Eccho.* pounds then.

What if I haue no pounds, muſt then my ſute be proroagued?

*Eccho.* Roagued.

Yea? giuen to a Roague? ſhall an aſſe this vicaridge compaſſee

*Eccho.* Aſſe.

What is the reaſon that I ſhould not be as fortunate as he?

*Eccho.* Aſſe he.

Yet for all this, with a peniles purſe will I trudge to his worſhip

*Eccho.* Words cheape.

Well, if he giue me good words, its more then I haue from an

*Eccho.*

*Eccho.* Go.

*Act. 2. Scen. 3.*

*Amoretto* with an *Ouid* in his hand. *Immerito.*

*Amor.* Take it on the word of a Gentleman thou cannot haue it a penny vnder, thinke ont, thinke ont, while I meditate on my faire miſtreſſe.

*Nunc ſequor imperium magne Cupido tui.*

What ere beccome of this dull thredbare cleaſke,

I muſt be coſtly in my miſtreſſe eye:

Ladies regard not ragged companie.  
I will with the reuenues of my chafred church.  
First buy an ambling hobby for my faire:  
Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,  
Proud of his burden when he gins to prounce:  
Then must I buy a jewell for her eare,  
A kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:  
With these faire gifts when I accompanied goe,  
Sheele giue *Ioues* breakfast: *Sidney* tearmes it so,  
I am her needle: she is my Adamant,  
She is my faire rose, I her vnworthy pricke.

*Acad.* Is there no body heere will take the paines to gelds his mouth?

*Amor.* She's Cleopatra, I Marke Anthony,

*Acad.* No thou art a meere marke for good wits to shoote at: and in that sute thou wilt make a fine man to dashe poore crowes out of countenance.

*Amor.* She is my moone, I her Endimion,

*Acad.* No she is thy shoulder of mutton thou her onyon: or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunaticke.

*Amor.* I her *Aeneas*, she my *Dido* is.

*Acad.* She is thy *Io*, and thou her brazen asse,  
Or she Dame *Phantasy* and thou her gull:  
She thy *Pasiphae*, and thou her louing bull.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

*Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father.*

*Ster.* Sonne, is this the Gentleman that selles vs the liuing?

*Im.* Fy father thou must not call it selling, thou must say is this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

*Acad.* What haue we here, old true-penny come to towne, to fetch away the liuing in his old greasie slops, then ile none: the time hath beene when such a fellow medled with nothing but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnailes, and so to a peece of bread and cheefe, and went his way: but now these fellows are growne the onely factors for preferment.

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Ster.* O is this the grating Gentleman, and howe many pounds muſt I pay?

*Im.* O thou muſt not call them pounds, but thankes, and harke thou father, thou muſt tell of nothing that is done: for I muſt ſeeme to come cleere to it.

*Acad.* Not poundes but thanks: ſee whether this ſimple fellow that hath nothing of a ſcholler, but that the draper hath blackt him ouer, hath not gotten the ſtile of the time.

*Ster.* By my faith ſonne looke for no more portion.

*Im.* Well father, I will not, vppon this condition, that when thou haue gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou will likewise diſburſe a little money to the biſhops poſer, for there are certaine queſtions I make ſcruple to be poſed in.

*Acad.* He meanes any queſtion in Latin, which he counts a ſcruple, oh this honeſt man could neuer abide this popiſh tongue of Latine, oh he is as true an Engliſh man as liues.

*Ster.* Ile take the Gentleman now, he is in a good vaine, for he ſmiles.

*Amor.* Sweete Onid, I do honour every page.

*Acad.* Good Onid that in his life time, liued with the *Getes*, and now after his death conuerſeth with a Barbarian.

*Ster.* God be at your worke Sir: my ſonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am *Stercutio* his father Sir, ſimple as I ſtand here.

*Acad.* Fellow, I had rather giuen thee an hundred pounds then thou ſhould haue put me out of my excellent meditation by the ſaith of a Gentleman I was wrapt in contemplation.

*Im.* Sir you muſt pardon my father he wants bringing vp.

*Acad.* Marry it ſeemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp ſo much money.

*Ster.* Indeed ſir, you muſt pardon me, I did not knowe you were a Gentleman in of the Temple before.

*Amor.* Well I am content in a generous diſpoſition to beare with country education, but fellowe whats thy name?

*Ster.* My name Sir, *Stercutio* Sir.

*Am.* Why the *Stercutio*, I wold be very willing to be the inſtrument to my father, that this living might be coſerred vpon your

*The returne from Periaffus.*

your sonne: mary I would haue you know, that I haue bene importuned by two or three feneral Lordes, my Kinde cozins, in the behalfe of some Cambridge man: and haue almost engaged my word. Mary if I shall see your disposition to be more thankfull then other men, I shall be very ready to respect kind natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe speaketh wel, *Cibi ha haera.*

*Acad.* why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

*Ster.* I beseech you sir speake English, for that is naturall to me & to my sonne, and all our kindred, to vnderstand but one language.

*Amor.* Why thus in plaine english: I must be respected with thanks.

*Acad.* This is a subtle tractiue, when thanks may be felt and scene.

*Ster.* And I pray you Sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

*Acad.* The verye same Method that he vseth at the buying of an oxe.

*Amor.* I must haue some odd sprinckling of an hundred pounds, if so, so, I shall thinke you thankfull, and commend your sonne as a man of good giftes to my father.

*Acad.* A sweete world, giue an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullnesse.

*Ster.* Harke thou Sir, you shall haue 80. thanks.

*Amor.* I tell thee fellow, I neuer opened my mouth in this kind so cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentlemen are found, that would deale so kindly with thee as I doe.

*Ster.* Well Sir, because I know my sonne to be a toward thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne head, without sending to the vniuersitye, I am content to giue you as many thanks as you aske, so you will promise me to bring it to passe.

*Amor.* I warrant you for that: if I say it once, repayre you to the place, and stay there, for my father, he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the ayre. He meete him as he returnes, and make way for your suite.

*Exeunt. Ster. Im.*

*Act. 3.*



Actus 2. Scen. 5.

Enter Academico, Ameritto.

*Amer.* Gallant, I faith.

*Acad.* I see we schollers fish for a living in these shallow foards without a siluer hooke. Why, would it not gal a man to see a spruce gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a broker for a living, & an old Baude for a benefice? This sweet Sir, proffered me much kindnesse when hee was of our Colledge, and now Ile try what winde remains in his bladder, God saue you Sir.

*Amer.* By the masse I feare me I saw this Genus and Species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now: by the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Elegy. Of what age is the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a Hare sits.

*Acad.* See a poore old friend of yours, of S. ( ) Colledge in Cambridge.

*Am.* Good faith sir you must pardon me. I haue forgotten you.

*Acad.* My name is *Academicus* Sir, one that made an oration for you once on the Queenes day, and a shew that you got some credit by.

*Amer.* It may be so, it may bee so, but I haue forgotten it: mary yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficiall vnto in my time. But howsoever Sir, I haue the curtesie of the towne for you. I am sory you did not take me at my fathes house: but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I haue vowed the death of a Hare that we found this morning musing on her meaze.

*Acad.* Sir I am inboldned, by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore.

*Amer.* Looke syrrha, if you see my Hobby come hetherward as yet.

*Acad.*

*Acad.* To make me some promises, I am to request your good meditation to the Worshipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thanks, those daies I haue to liue.

*Amor.* O good sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already giuen the induction to a Chaplaine of his owne, to a proper man, I know not of what Vniuersitie he is.

*A. ad.* Sigmor *Inmerito*, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

*Amor.* I know not his name, but he is a graue discret man I warrant him, indeed he wants vterance in some measure.

*Acad.* Nay, me thinkes he hath very good vterance, for his grauitie, for hee came hether very graue, but I thinke he will returne light enough, when he is ridde of the heauy element he carries about him.

*Amor.* Faith Sir, you must pardon me, it is my ordinary custome to be too studious, my Mistresse hath tolde me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say sweete Sir, do yee affect the most gentle-man-like game of hunting?

*Acad.* How say you to the crafty gull, hee would faine geue mee abroad to make sport with mee in their Hunters tearmes, which we schollers are not acquainted with: sir I haue loued this kinde of sporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the bush, while another kild the Hare.

*Amor.* Hunters luck, Hunters luck Sir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did spend well.

*Acad.* Sir, I haue had worse luck alwayes at hunting the Fox:

*Am.* What sir, do you meane at the vnkennelling, vntapezing, or earthing of the Fox?

*Acad.* I meane earthing, if you terme it so, for I neuer found yellow earth enough to couer the old Fox your father.

*Amor.* Good faith sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hunters vse when the Fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second winde, one long, two short: now sir in blowing, euery long containeth

*Therelurne from Pernaſſus.*

neeth 7. quauers, one ſhort, containeth 3. quauers.

*Acad.* Sir might I finde any fauour in my ſuite, I would winde the horne wherein your bone deſerts ſhould bee ſounded with ſo many minims, ſo many quauers.

*Amor.* Sweet ſir, I would I could conferre this or any kindneſſe vpon you: I wonder the buy comes not away with my Hobby. Now ſir, as I was proceeding: when you blow thy death of your Fox in the field or couert, then muſt you ſound 3. notes, with 3. windes, and recheat: marke you ſir, vpon the ſame with 3. windes.

*Acad.* I pray you ſir.

*Amor.* Now ſir, when you come to your ſtately gate. as you ſounded the recheat before, ſo now you muſt ſound the releefe three times.

*Acad.* Releefe call you it? it were good euery patron would finde the horne.

*Amor.* O ſir, but your reliefe is your ſweeteſt note, that is ſir, when your hounds hunt after a game vnknowne, and then you muſt ſound one long and ſix ſhort, the ſecond wind, two ſhort and one long, the third wind, one long and two ſhort.

*Acad.* True ſir, it is a very good trade now adayes to be a villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne, & blowes the villaine.

*Amor.* Sir, I will bleſſe your eares with a very pretty ſtory, my father out of his owne coſt and charges keeps an open table for all kinde of dogges.

*Acad.* And he keeps one more by thee.

*Amor.* He hath your Grey-hound, your Mungrell, your Maſtiſe, your Leurier, your Spaniell, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs, Bloud-hounds, Dunghill dogges, trindle tailes, prick-eard curres, ſmall Ladies puppies, Caches and Baſtards.

*Acad.* What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keeps his *Rachell*, hath his baſtards, and lets his ſonnes be plaine Ladies puppets, to beray a Ladies Chamber.

*Amor.* It was my pleaſure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leaſh of Grey-hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere ac-

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

quaintance, deſiring to ſhew them ſome of the ſport: I cauſed the Keeper to ſeuer the rascal Deere, from the Buckes of the firſt head: now ſir, a Bucke the firſt yeare is a Fawne, the ſecond yeare a Pricket, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fiſt a Bucke of the firſt head, the ſixt yeare a compleat Buck: as alikewiſe your Hart is the firſt yeare a Calfe, the ſecond yeare a Brochet, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stag, the fiſt yeare a great Stag, the ſixt yeare a Hart as likewiſe the Raw-bucke is the firſt yeare a Kid, the ſecond yeare a Gircle, the third yeare a Hemuſe: and theſe are your ſpeciall beaſts for chaſe, or as we huntſmen call it, for venery.

*Ant.* If chaſte be taken for venery, thou art a more ſpeciall beaſt then any in thy fathers forreſt. Sir I am ſorry I haue bin ſo troubleſome to you.

*Am.* I know this was the readieſt way to chaſe away the ſcholler, by getting him into a ſubieſt he cannot talke of, for his life. Sir I will borrowe ſo much time of you as to finiſh this my beginne ſtory. Now ſir, after much trauaile we ſingled a Buck, I rode that ſame time vpon a Roarie gelding, and ſtood to intercept from the thicket: the buck broke gallantly: my great ſwift being diſaduantaged in this ſlip was at the firſt be- hind, marry preſently coted and out-ſtrip them, when as the Hart preſently deſcended to the riuer, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe: & at laſt hee vp- ſtarted at the other ſide of the water which we call ſoyle of the Hart, and there other Huntſmen met him with an aduun- treley: we followed in hard chaſe for the ſpace of eight hours, thruſe our hounds were at default, and then we cryed a ſlaine, ſtreight ſo he: through good reclayming, my faulty hounds found their game againe, and ſo went through the wood with gallant notice of muſicke, reſembling ſo many Violls Degam- bis: at laſt the Hare laid him downe, and the Hounds ſeized vpon him, he groined and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weepe too, to thinke of *Alceas* fortune, which my *O- niſ* ſpeakes of.

*He reads: Ouid.*

*Aliaſt omniſ amans & habet ſua caſtra cupido.*

*Ant.* Sir, can you put me in any hops of obtaining my ſuite.

*Amo.*

*The returne from Pernaſſus.*

*Amor.* In good faith, Sir, if I did not love you as my ſoule, I would not make you acquainted with the myſteries of my art.

*Acad.* Nay, I will not die of a diſcourſe yet, it I can chooſe.

*Amor.* So ſir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the ſmall guttes and the lights, and the bloud: the Huntſmen hal- lowed, ſo ho, *Venez à coupler*, and ſo coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of houndes that lay at advantage, had their couples caſt off and we might heare the Huntſmen cry, *horſe, deconple, Auant*, but ſtreight we heard him cry, *ſe Amoud*, and by that I knew that they had the hãre and on ſoote, and by and by I might ſee ſore and ſore, prick, and re prick: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha, theſe ſchollers are the ſimpleſt creatures.

*Actus 2. ſcen. 6.*

*Enter Amoretto and his Page.*

*Page.* I wonder whats become of that *Ouid. de arte amandi*, my maſter he that for the praife of his diſcourſe is wonte to court his hobby abroad; and at home in his chamber makes a ſet ſpeech to his grẽy hound, deſiring that moſt faire and amiable dog to grace his company in a ſtately galliard; and if the dog, ſeeing him praife his luſty pointes, as his croſſe poyn- t backeaper, chance to beray the reume, he preſently doſſes his Cap moſt ſolemnly; makes a low leg to his ad ſhip, taking it for the greateſt fauour in the world, that ſhe would you ſhafe to leaue her Ciuet box, or her ſweete lound behind her.

*Amor.* He opens *Ouid* and reades it.

*Page.* Not a word more ſir ant pleaſe you, your Hobby will meete you at the lones end.

*Amor.* What lack, ſaith I cannot but vent vnto thee a moſt witty leſſ of mine.

*Page.* I hope my maſter will not breake wind: wilt pleaſe you ſir to bleſſe mine eares with the diſcourſe of it.

*Am.* Good ſaith, the boy begins to haue an elegant ſmack  
*Dis*